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ABRAHAM LINCOLN.







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CHAPTER I.

A HERO'S BIRTHPLACE.

"The short and simple annals of the poor."



It may seem to matter very little where a hero is born; but the birthplace of any man is perhaps of more importance than is generally thought. Beautiful scenery, fresh air, the simple habits of an honest people, are influences that affect more than a little the future of any child who is born into our world. It would be interesting to know how many of the great and good men of all ages first saw the light away from the busy town, and looked up to the blue skies through the interlacing boughs outside of some cottage home. Certainly we believe that a very large proportion of talented men and women had their birth, even in our crowded England, in the green country. It is little wonder that in America this should, in a very great degree, be the case. The boy of whom we write had for his early companions the birds and

the rabbits, and for his cradle-music the song of the brook and the winds, and the merry, dancing leaves; and though his after career lay in the midst of life and strife, and fulness of work and responsibility, we may well believe that he was the better and the stronger man because of the circumstances of his youth.

Abraham Lincoln was born on the 12th day of February 1809, at Nolin Creek, a place that is now known as La Rue country, about a mile and a-half from Hodgenville, in the State of Kentucky. His father and mother were Baptists; his early ancestors were English Quakers. His grandfather was one of the first to explore the rich and beautiful Kentucky valley. He was one of the pioneer frontiersmen to whom the States of America owe so much—a man stout of heart and strong of hand, a romantic adventurer, but God-fearing and faithful to conscience and duty. He had the courage, in spite of difficulty and danger, to establish his rude dwelling several miles away from any of his neighbours, and he paid the penalty of his temerity. He was at work one day some distance from home, when an Indian crept upon him unawares, and slew and scalped him. His widow was left with two daughters and three sons, who bore the names of Thomas, Mordecai, and Joseph.

Thomas, the father of Abraham Lincoln, the hero of our story, was six years old at the time of his father's death. When he was twelve years old he was a hard-working lad; and when he was twenty-eight he married Nancy Hanks, of Virginia, a woman who became a true help-meet to him in his backwoods life. She was pale and thin, and rather sad of countenance; he was broad-chested and well built, and of average height. She could read, but not write; he could manage, after a fashion, to write his own name. He was industrious and genial; she was possessed of excellent judgment and good sense, and particularly gentle and lovable. She was eminently a Christian woman, and supported the

credit of her faith by a beautiful and irreproachable life. Every mother is the first and greatest teacher of her family ; but on Mrs. Lincoln devolved for some years the sole training of her children. She had two sons and one daughter. Thomas, however, died while yet a baby, and Abraham and his sister Sarah were close friends and inseparable companions. Their home was a very poor one. English people can scarcely imagine the kind of residence that a log-cabin really was : there was no floor to it, except the ground ; and no walls, except the rough ones made of logs ; and there was almost no furniture in it. But the children had happy times, nevertheless. They had, as it seemed to them, the whole world for a play-ground. There were tall trees and thick undergrowth, green hills and running streams, woods full of wild flowers, places to hide in, places to swing from, plenty of cool, fresh water to drink, and plenty of rich, ripe berries to eat. Then in the evenings and on Sundays there were mother-talks for the children, which no child can miss without more or less of soul-starving. Mrs. Lincoln had only a few books, but she did the best she could with them. She read them, and told the children of their contents, and gradually taught them also to read. It is believed, indeed, that the only literature which belonged to the Lincoln cabin was two books—the Bible and the Catechism ; but they were good books from which to get first lessons, especially in the hands of a gentle, pious mother. There were no places of worship to which the children could be taken, but their own log-hut became a sanctuary in which the children were told “the sweet Story of Old,” and where right principles were inculcated. Abraham was never tired of listening to his mother, and in her children she had most attentive listeners, who stimulated her recitals with very eager questions.

“Mother, had the little Jew children black faces?”

“No, Abe, I suppose not.”

"But they were like slaves in Egypt, weren't they?"

"Oh yes, they were like slaves; and if they did not work hard enough to please their masters they were whipped."

"Were they like the slaves at Hodgen's mills and Elizabethtown, mother?"

"I suppose they were quite as badly off."

"But they weren't always to be slaves, were they, mother?"

"No, for God sent a Deliverer."

"I know his name; it was Moses."

"Yes; the little boy, who was laid in the ark of rushes which his mother made, grew up to be the Deliverer of his people from bondage," said the mother, solemnly.

"Mother, do you think a Deliverer will come and set these slaves free?"

"Perhaps. Who knows? If it be God's will, He can raise some one up."

"You don't like slavery, do you, mother?"

"No, I do not. I cannot think it is right."

"I hope God will send a Moses to Kentucky some day, mother, to make all the little boys free."

And He did!

Abraham Lincoln was about seven years old when he had the opportunity of going to school. It was opened by Zechariah Reney, a Roman Catholic. We would like to have seen the school-room; what a contrast it would present to the beautiful and convenient edifices erected by the School Boards of our own land and times! At the end of three months Abraham and his sister went to either another school, or the same school kept by another master, whose name was Caleb Hazel, and there he remained another three months, making such rapid progress that at the end of the time he was able to read aloud to his parents some of the plain and easy parts of the Bible, a feat which astonished and delighted them, and caused them to feel more than a little proud of their boy.

In the year 1816, when little Abraham Lincoln was nearly eight years old, his father decided to leave Kentucky for the wilds of Indiana. No one knows exactly why he did this. Perhaps he liked the excitement of a change. But it is more probable that as there was at the time a great deal of dispute about the titles to lands in Kentucky, he considered a residence there somewhat full of risk. And life in a slave state was always more or less unsatisfactory to the poor white man, who would be more likely to find better scope for himself and his children where free labour would not come into competition with slave labour, and he therefore made up his mind to go further west without loss of time.

As if to assure him that his decision was a right one, a man by the name of Colby came to the cabin.

"Are you going to move away from this?" he asked.

"I guess I am," replied Thomas Lincoln.

"I want to buy a farm, if you are inclined to sell," said Colby; "and I don't mind three hundred dollars for this real estate, if you are willing to make it over to me."

"I guess I'll do it," said Lincoln, with a look at his wife, who was more cautious and timid, perhaps because she was less strong than her husband. But she was willing to abide by his decision, and to make a home wherever her dear ones went.

Very strangely, as it seems to us, who live in the days when, happily, both in America and England, temperance principles are strong, Lincoln sold his farm for whisky. Ten barrels of whisky, of forty gallons each, valued at two hundred and eighty dollars, and twenty dollars in money, was the price which Colby paid, and Thomas Lincoln received for the farm and homestead! The whisky was for sale, and not to drink; and Abraham, when he grew to be a man, became a friend to Temperance.

The father of the family having sold his home, went off

to find a new one, leaving his wife and children in the old place while he did so.

He built a "flat-boat" (something like a gondola), and launched it on a little stream called "the Rolling Fork;" and in it he packed his ten barrels of whisky, and all the heavy articles of his home and farm. Then he went floating away down the Rolling Fork, out into the Ohio river, in which he came to grief, for his boat upset, and his cargo went into the water. Fortunately, however, he was near the shore, and succeeded, by the help of some friendly hands, in rescuing some of the whisky and other articles, which, if poor in themselves, were very valuable to him. He landed at a place called Thompson's Ferry, Indiana, and there he paid with his flat-boat for the services of a man and his team to take him and his possessions into the interior. It was slow travelling, for they had often to make the road before they could traverse it, by cutting down the trees and brushwood in the way. But at last they reached a spot of great beauty and fertility, and here Thomas Lincoln decided to make his future home.

The first thing to be done was clearly to go back at once and fetch his wife and children; and this, having given his goods into the care of the inhabitants of a house only two miles away, he started to do.





CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST SORROW.

“Friend after friend departs,
Who has not lost a friend?”

IT was no pleasant or easy task that was before Mrs. Lincoln and her children.

They welcomed with great glee the return of the husband and father, and tired though he was after his long walk, he had at once to begin answering their questions.

“Have you found a place, father? Will it be our own? Where is it? What is it like?”

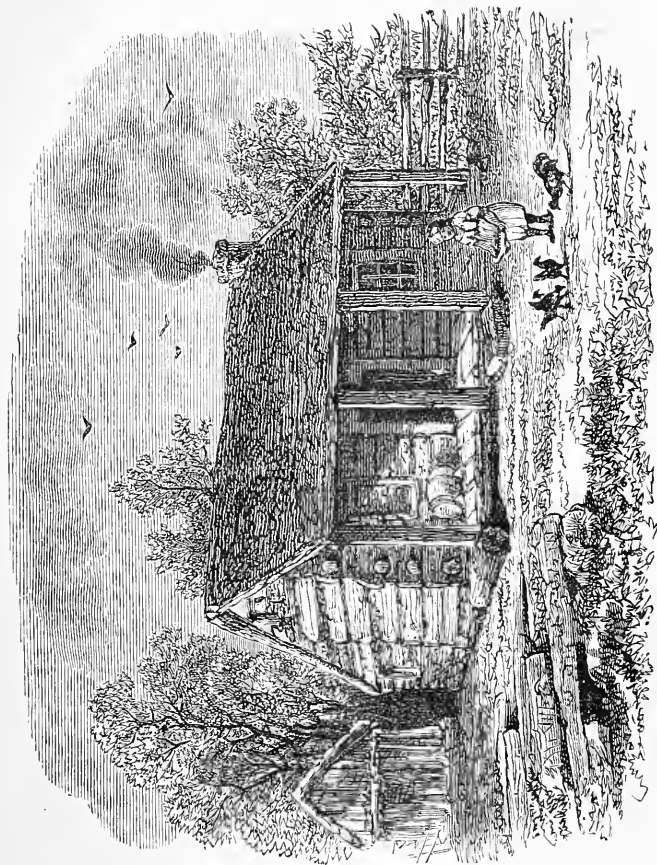
They lost no time in starting on the journey. They bade good-bye to the little home, which, poor as it was, they all loved, with tears. Then they all went to look their last at the tiny grave of the baby who had died several years ago. When Abraham had grown to be both a tall and a great man, he used to speak of this incident with emotion.

But a long journey was before them, for a distance of a hundred miles separated the new home from the old, and it would take a week for them to go from one to the other. They had a cow, which, of course, they must take with them for the sake of her milk, three horses, and a waggon. They

managed to pack in the waggon and on the horses all their household articles, which were very few ; and as to themselves, Mrs. Lincoln and Sarah might ride if they liked, but the father and the son walked the greater part of the distance, for the horses had to be led and the cow to be driven. When they reached the proper part of the river Ohio, they were floated across in a flat-boat, and at the end of the seventh day they reached the spot which Thomas Lincoln had selected.

It was near the present town of Gentryville, in what was then Perry County, but is now Spencer County, that Mr. Lincoln and his son and a neighbour at once set to work to build a new log-cabin. It had two rooms, one downstairs, and a small attic or loft above. Sarah and her parents slept below, in what was the living room of the family ; and Abraham slept in the loft, on the rough logs that made the floor. A bear-skin was spread for him to lie upon, and a blanket covered him. The bedstead of his father and mother was made of slabs nailed together against the side of the cabin, and their bed was a heap of dried leaves thrown upon the slabs. A rough table and three stools formed the rest of the furniture. There was always a good fire burning in the cabin, and when it was very cold, all the family slept around it ; while skins were nailed over the doors to keep out the biting winds.

Winter was upon them, but Spring would follow ; and Thomas Lincoln and his son began the hard work of clearing the forest, and preparing the land to receive the seed which they would put into it. Abraham, of course, helped him ; and he proved the truth of the saying, "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." He grew strong and hardy, self-denying and brave. He was very industrious ; and when his day's work upon the forest or the farm was finished, he was free to spend some happy hours with his friends, and in the way he liked best.



EARLY HOME OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, GENTRYVILLE, INDIANA.



Besides the Bible and the Catechism, there had been added to the family treasures an old copy of Dilworth's *Spelling Book*, and by the aid of this young Abraham Lincoln continued his education. Altogether he had enjoyed less than a year's schooling, but he had made as much as he could of the little ; and he had begun to write and to "cipher." He practised well at home. Pens and ink and paper were luxuries unknown to, or at least unenjoyed by, the pioneer and his family ; but Abraham did very well without them, for he managed to write letters or figures on the white surface of the bark of the birch-tree with charcoal. They had fine fun over the spelling and the reckoning, for Abraham tried to keep school at home, and change his parents and his sister into scholars.

About this time he came into possession of one or two other books. The first was *Æsop's Fables*, with which he was greatly delighted. It had pictures at which he never wearied of looking, and stories which interested him so deeply, that he read them over until they were firmly fixed in his own mind ; and then he related them for the amusement and edification of his sister Sarah. About the next book that he read his mother took care often to talk to him. It was Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. The boy seemed to have the opportunity of reading it just at the time when he needed its instruction.

"You see, my boy, that there is another land, and a journey to be taken to the Celestial City," said his mother to him one day, little thinking that she was herself drawing very near to its gates.

"Yes, mother ; and it must be a very beautiful city that !"

"Ah ! my son, you cannot guess how lovely ; and the best of it is that there we shall see Jesus, and the next best, that there will be no such thing known as sin."

"It will be a very wonderful place then, where every-

body is good. I am afraid there is not much chance for me."

"Indeed there is! The King wishes to have my Abe in the beautiful city, and He will guide you if you ask Him. Only you must be willing to forsake sin here, and so be prepared for the holiness there."

And Abraham would say softly to his mother, and yet more earnestly to himself, that he meant to be good, and would really try to be.

Another book that he read was Weem's *Life of Washington*. It was a very exciting book, full of fighting and adventures, and it fired his young imagination greatly. Many years afterward he spoke of that book:—"I remember all the accounts there given of the battle-fields and struggles for the liberties of the country. I recollect thinking then, boy even though I was, that there must have been something more than common that these men struggled for."

The next book he read was also very useful to him; it was the *Life of Henry Clay*, who was at that time exceedingly famous. Since Abraham Lincoln was himself to become a politician and statesman, it was well for him to read of the brilliant speeches of this young orator, made on subjects that so nearly affected the interests of his country.

But Abraham had much to do besides read books. To get wood for his mother, to carry water for her, and help her in every way, was a pleasure to him; and he was besides learning to be a very useful help to his father. At that time he was dressed in coat and trousers made of buckskin, and was not afraid of either hard work or cold weather. On one occasion, too, he proved that he was not afraid to handle a gun. His father had taken his axe and gone away to work in the forest, when Abraham, looking through a crevice of the log-cabin, saw a flock of wild

turkeys outside. He knew that these were worth having, for the family lived chiefly on game shot by the father. But the father was not there to shoot, and what was to be done? The boy, only about eight years old at the time, could not bear to let so good an opportunity pass; and so he called his mother.

"Could you load father's gun? Here is a flock of turkeys! If you can, I will have a shot."

Mrs. Lincoln peeped through the opening.

"They are beauties! Could you pull the trigger, Abe?"

"Yes, mother; load it and see."

In less than a minute the boy had fired into the midst of the birds, and hit one of the finest.

There was great glee when Mr. Lincoln returned.

"Father," said Sarah, "guess what there is for dinner to-morrow?"

"Fish?"

"No."

"Flesh?"

"No."

"Fowl?"

"Yes, a turkey."

"A turkey, indeed. Where is it to come from?"

"It has come already."

"You are joking. Let me see it."

It was drawn from its hiding-place with a triumphant "There!"

"But what does this mean. Who shot it?"

"Abraham."

"Did you really, Abe?" The boy stood blushing with pleasure. "It is a wonderful shot for a boy of your age," said Thomas Lincoln. "You will become a great hunter one of these days."

Abraham Lincoln, however, never became very fond of a gun.

But a shadow was gathering over the Lincoln's home.

They had only been in Indiana two years, when it became evident that Mrs. Lincoln was dying of consumption. It was some time before her husband and children could believe that so great a trouble was befalling them. But she knew it herself, and the coming separation made her love them more than ever.

"Let me do something for you, mother," Abraham would say; and she was glad to give up the work which she had done so long and so well.

"I am getting too weak to do it," she said.

At last she could not leave her bed; and it was Abraham's task to read to her the words which have comforted so many dying Christians. There was no minister; but the beautiful sayings of Jesus was not less powerful because they were conveyed by the clear tones of a boy's voice. "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

And soon the place was hers.

There was great desolation in the log-cabin when the mother had died. Abraham keenly felt her loss; and he cried as if his heart would break when he and his sister stood with their father by the humble grave in the forest. A few friends came to the funeral, but there was not even an itinerant preacher—the only kind they ever had—in these parts.

But there had been one, Mr. Elkins, a Baptist, who sometimes conducted open-air services among the few settlers, and sometimes gave exhortations in their cabins. Mrs. Lincoln had known and respected him; and it was decided that a letter should be sent to ask him to come and preach a funeral sermon.

"I will write a letter," said Abraham, whose heart was

very much in the matter. And accordingly, with the feeling that he was doing a very great thing indeed, the boy wrote his first letter, telling the minister that his mother had died happily, trusting in Jesus, and that he, and his father, and his sister would be glad if Mr. Elkins would come and preach a funeral sermon. Thomas Lincoln praised the performance of his son, and the letter was despatched. As soon as possible the answer came, and it was to the effect that Mr. Elkins would be with them at a certain time. He had to journey a hundred miles to fulfil the engagement but he did so willingly, and found that young Abraham had been so busy making known the service, that there was quite a large congregation to hear the sermon. Mules and horses, ox-teams and waggons, had been pressed into service; and on a beautiful Sunday morning Parson Elkins stood at the head of the simple grave in the forest, and the people, old and young, pressed around to hear the words of life which he spoke. It was a simple service, but very solemn and beautiful. The hymn that rang through the air came from the hearts of the people; and they listened, as those who were in earnest, to the preacher's words, or joined with fervour in his prayer. Seeds were sown that day that brought forth fruit a hundred-fold.

When the congregation dispersed in silence, there remained, with his hat off, and his face full of serious resolve, the boy whom the dead woman had loved so dearly, and for whom she had prayed unceasingly. And who can tell what solemn vows, that were afterward fulfilled in the life, were made by young Abraham Lincoln, as he stood at his mother's grave on that never-to-be-forgotten day!





CHAPTER III.

A NEW MOTHER.

“Then spake the angel of mothers
To me in a gentle tone,
‘Be kind to the children of others,
And God will bless thine own.’”

IT was a sad home in which Mr. Lincoln and his motherless children lived; but they made it as happy as they could. A school was opened in the neighbourhood by Mr. Crawford, who helped Abraham Lincoln in many things, and especially in arithmetic, of which the lad became very fond. He got to write so well that he became “the general letter-writer of the neighbourhood.” His love of books grew upon him, and Mr. Crawford gratified it by lending him Ramsay’s *Life of Washington*.

He ran home with it, and burst into the cabin in such a state of joyous excitement that his sister looked up in surprise.

“Why, Abe, what is the matter with you?”

“A new book! a new book!”

“Oh, capital!” said Sarah, who sympathised with everything that interested her brother. Indeed, the two, since

their mother's death, had become more fond of each other than ever.

"What book is it?" cried the father, who was as rejoiced as his children over a new volume.

"It is another book about Washington; better than the other, because it has more solid facts, at least so Mr. Crawford says, and the writer's name is Ramsay."

"I will leave off my work then, and we will have some of it this evening."

So Thomas Lincoln sat by the fire-place in an attitude of rest and reflection, Sarah got her sewing or her knitting, and Abraham, with his back to the fire, so that the blaze might fall upon the book, read to his loving listeners hour after hour in such a way as to prove that he really entered into the spirit of the book. Indeed, he grew so interested in it that he did not wish to lay it aside either for sleep or for work. He read it the last thing at night and the first in the morning.

"Put down the book, Abe," his father would say, "and go and finish that wood."

"All right, father," said the lad; and immediately became so engrossed again in the book that he forgot everything else.

This was the case one night, and led to consequences that might have been very serious. He was reading after his father had retired to rest. Thomas, waking from a dream, to find his son still reading, became angry, and peremptorily ordered him to go to bed at once. Abraham laid down the book, and went off so hurriedly that he did not notice that he had placed it in the window. In the night a storm arose, and rain fell heavily. The next morning, when Abraham rose early, intending to have "one little read" before beginning the work of the day, he was dismayed to find that the rain had beaten in through the window, and the book was soaked through with water.

His heart sank at the remembrance of Mr. Crawford's assertion that that was the only copy of the book in the neighbourhood, and the thought that it had been spoiled through his carelessness. But he thought the best way would be to go to Mr. Crawford at once and confess the truth. So away he went to the schoolmaster, and with blushing face told his story.

"I am very sorry, sir, but I left your book near the window last night, and the rain came in and spoiled it."

"Let me look at it. Oh! what a pity. How could you be so careless, Abe?"

"I don't know, sir. I am ashamed of myself. I cannot pay for the damage, I know; no money could do it, and I have none; but if you will let me work out the cost I shall be very glad."

"I think you had better buy the book, Abe."

"Buy it, sir; how can I do that?"

"Come and pull fodder for me for two or three days, and the book shall be yours."

Very gratefully the boy set about the task; and Mr. Crawford had no reason to complain of the amount of work which he did in the time; and at the end of three days he went home, carrying the treasure that was now his own.

When Mrs. Lincoln had been dead a year, Mr. Lincoln married again. His second wife was a widow, Mrs. Sally Johnson of Elizabethtown, Kentucky. She had three children of her own, so that the family circle become considerably enlarged. Mrs. Lincoln proved a good and kind mother-in-law. She loved Abraham almost as much as if he were her own son. She pitied and admired him before she married his father; and it is said, indeed, that it was this love of the boy that was the chief reason of the union.

She soon set about making the home more comfortable.

"Cannot you make a puncheon floor, Thomas?" she asked of her husband.

"I could, if I tried," said Mr. Lincoln.

"Then I wish you would try. The house would be so much more comfortable. We must make it as warm and cosy as we can for the children's sake. Abe is a great, strong fellow, who does not mind roughing it; but Sarah is only a delicate little girl, who needs taking care of."

And the good woman proceeded to take care of her excellently. She made warm, comfortable beds for both the children, and provided them with clothing thick and suitable for the cold weather; and made them both feel glad that they had once more a mother's loving care. Alas! Sarah did not live to enjoy it very long. She soon followed her own mother to heaven.

In the meantime Abraham Lincoln was growing in stature, and it seemed in favour also with God and man.

An incident occurred about this time which illustrated both his great strength and his kindness of heart. He and some other young men had been engaged in erecting the frame of a new house, when, as they were returning to their homes in the evening, they saw, standing by the roadside, a horse saddled and bridled.

"Hullo!" said young Lincoln, "here is Jim's horse. I suppose the stupid fellow is drunk, as usual. Let us see if we can find him."

A search was made, and presently the owner of the horse was discovered, chilled and unconscious.

"There let him lie, and serve him right," said one of the young men. "I hope it will teach him a lesson."

"It is more likely to kill him," said Abraham. "It is too bad to leave him here to die."

"Not at all. He has brought it on himself."

"Never mind. Here, lift him on my shoulders, will you? I will carry him to the nearest house."

And he did so. "Call and tell my father where I am.

please," he said to his companions; and then he remained with the drunken man until he became sober.

It was the first, but by no means the last life that Abraham Lincoln saved. It was the beginning of his career as a deliverer from slavery! It proved him to possess that kindness of heart which fits a man for any position, from the lowest to the highest.

His character was developing in many ways. Especially was he on the alert to obtain knowledge; and this perseverance helped him when another and less determined spirit would have failed.

The Rev. J. P. Gulliver once said to him in the afterward, when his high position was attained—"Mr. Lincoln, I very much want to know how you got your very unusual power of 'putting things.' No man has it by nature alone. What has your education been?"

Mr. Lincoln replied—"Well, as to education the newspapers are correct. I never went to school more than twelve months in my life. But, as you say, this must be a product of culture in *some* form. I have been putting the question you ask me to myself while you have been talking. I can say this, that among my earliest recollections, I remember how, when a mere child, I used to get irritated when anybody talked to me in a way I could not understand. I don't think I ever got angry at anything else in my life. But that always disturbed my temper, and has ever since. I can remember going to my little bed-room, after hearing the neighbours talk of an evening with my father, and spending no small part of the night walking up and down, and trying to make out what was the exact meaning of some of their, to me, dark sayings. I could not sleep, though I often tried to, when I got on such a hunt after an idea, until I had caught it; and when I thought I had got it, I was not satisfied until I had repeated it over and over—until I had put it in language plain enough, as I

thought, for any boy I knew to comprehend. This was a kind of passion with me, and it has since stuck by me, for I am never easy now, when handling a thought, till I have bounded it north and bounded it south, bounded it east and bounded it west. Perhaps that accounts for the characteristics you observe in my speeches, though I never put the things together before."

Of his habits and deeds while he was still at home with his father and his stepmother we get a very good picture from Lamon's *Life of Abraham Lincoln*.—

"Abe never went to school again in Indiana or elsewhere. Mr. Turnham tells us that he had excelled all his masters, and it was no use for him to attempt to learn anything from them. But he continued his studies at home, or wherever he was hired out to work, with a perseverance which showed that he could scarcely live without some species of mental excitement. Abe loved to lie under a shade-tree, or up in the loft of the cabin, and read, cipher, and scribble. At night he sat by the chimney-'jamb,' and ciphered, by the light of the fire, on the wooden fire shovel. When the shovel was fairly covered he would shave it off with Tom Lincoln's knife, and begin again. In the daytime he used boards for the same purpose out of doors, and went through the shaving process everlastingly. His stepmother repeats often that he read every book he could lay his hands on. She says, 'Abe read diligently; and when he came across a passage that struck him, he would write it down on boards if he had no paper, and keep it there until he did get paper. Then he would re-write it, look at it, repeat it. He had a copy-book—a kind of scrap-book—in which he put down all things, and thus preserved them.'

"John Hanks came out from Kentucky when Abe was fourteen years of age, and lived four years with the Lincolns. We cannot describe some of Abe's habits better than John has described them for us:—When

Lincoln, Abe, and I returned to the house from work, he would go to the cupboard, snatch a piece of corn bread, take down a book, sit down in a chair, cock his legs up high as his head, and read. He and I worked barefooted, grubbed it, ploughed, mowed, and cradled together; ploughed corn, gathered it, and shucked corn. Abraham read constantly when he had opportunity; and he transferred extracts to the boards and the scrap-book. He had procured the scrap-book because most of his literature was borrowed; and he thought it profitable to take copious notes from the books before he returned them.

“At home, with his step-mother and the children, he was the most agreeable fellow in the world. He was always ready to do everything for everybody. When he was not doing some special act of kindness he told stories or cracked jokes. He was as full of his yarns in Indiana as ever he was in Illinois. Dennis Hanks was a clever hand at the same business, and so was old Tom Lincoln. Among them they must have made things very lively during the long winter evenings.”

Mrs. Lincoln was never able to speak of Abe's conduct to her without tears. She spoke with deep emotion of her own son, but said she thought that Abe was kinder, better, truer than the other. Even the mother's instinct was lost as she looked back over those long years of poverty and privation in the Indian cabin, where Abe's grateful love softened the rigours of her lot, and his great heart and giant frame were always at her command. “Abe was a good boy,” said she, “and I can say what scarcely one woman—a mother—can say in a thousand: Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused, in fact or appearance, to do anything I asked him.”

Abraham had another sorrow when his own mother had been dead four years. His sister Sarah died. She was married when she was only fourteen years old; and when

she was fifteen she died. It was a great trouble to her brother, for the two had been not only brother and sister, but very close and dear friends.

When he was about eighteen years old, Abraham Lincoln left home on an expedition, and it came about in this wise:—

"We have more farm-produce than we shall require," said Thomas Lincoln.

"Let us sell it then," said his son.

"But how can we do that?"

"We will export it; that is the right thing to do with the over-abundance of any neighbourhood. Now, I will build a flat-boat, and take the produce down the river to the market, and there sell it."

"Could you build a boat?" asked his father.

"Yes, I'm sure I could, and I will too, if you only give me leave. I know the use of tools."

"But New Orleans is a long way off, and Abe is young," objected Mrs. Lincoln. "I don't think I could give my consent."

"I will not go unless you do, mother," said the lad; "but I should like to go very much. I want to see the world a little, and this will give me an opportunity."

"We could do a good deal better if we had more money," said Mr. Lincoln.

"Abe might get it this way."

"That is what I want to do, father. It is time I did more than I can do at home. You are not afraid to trust me, are you, mother?"

"Not at all, my boy; you will do what is right I know, for you are steady enough. You would not take to drinking whisky."

"Not I. I have never tasted it, and do not intend to do so."

"But if any harm should come to you, Abe, the extra money would do us very little good."

"But what harm will come? Let me try."

"Very well, you may try."

Abraham at once set to work. He had not many tools, but he was expert in the use of them, and was indeed rather fond of showing his mechanical skill. He lost no time in building a boat, and made it as complete as he could. When it was nearly finished, a steamer stopped opposite the place where he was at work. Two gentlemen wanted to be taken on board.

"Is that boat yours?" one inquired, looking at that which Abraham had made.

"Yes, sir."

"Will you take us and our luggage across to the steamer?"

"Certainly," said Abraham, beginning at once to shoulder the trunks. When they were placed on the flat-boat, the gentlemen sat on them. Abraham sculled them across. They sprang on the steamer, and the young man lifted the trunks on deck. Almost immediately the steamer started. But the gentlemen had forgotten to pay the young boatman, who had hoped to get some money. He thought he would remind them; he did not expect to get much; but he knew the service was worth something, and that he ought to get a little.

"You have forgotten to pay me," he said; and the two gentlemen, thus reminded, promptly threw each of them a silver half-dollar, which fell on the bottom of the boat. Abraham was delighted. He never forgot the pleasure it gave him, and he referred to the incident in after life. "It was the first dollar I had ever earned. I could scarcely believe my eyes. You may think it a very little thing, but it was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely believe that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and confident being from that time."

When Abraham returned from the market, he settled down for a time to the ordinary work of the farm. He used to take the corn to the mill to get it ground. The mill was fifty miles away from where the Lincolns lived; so the grist was fastened to the back of a horse, and thus taken. The mill was driven by horse-power, and each customer had to use his own animal to grind his own corn, and each man had to wait his turn. On one occasion Abraham had fastened his mare to the lever, and he gave her a "cluck" and a cut with a switch: when she suddenly lifted her heels and kicked him. The blow sent him to the ground prostrate and insensible. As soon, however, as he came to himself, he finished the "cluck" that had been interrupted, and made the mare finish the work and carry the meal home.

He was fond of the water, and soon after took another trip. He was at this time nineteen years old, and was then six feet four high. All who knew him respected and trusted him.

"Abe," said a neighbour, "what do you say to a voyage down the Mississippi, and to take charge of my flat-boat and its cargo to the sugar plantation near New Orleans?"

"I should like it very much," said the young man, to whom a ride of eighteen hundred miles opened a delightful prospect of seeing the world.

"My son will go with you; but I shall trust the whole cargo, including him, to your care. I know that you have tact, ability, and honesty, and these will guide you. I shall invest a good round sum in the enterprise, but I am not afraid to trust you."

"I will go, and do the best I can for you," said the young man; and when the time for starting came, he set off in good spirits.

Sometimes the journey was easy and pleasant, the swift current of the "Father of Waters" bearing them along.

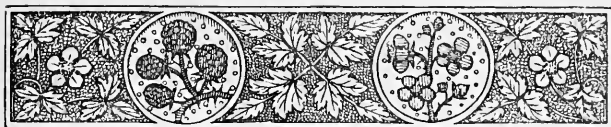
Sometimes they had to work hard with the long oars to keep the boat in safety. At night they tied-up alongside of the bank, and rested upon the hard deck, with a blanket for a covering; and during the hours of light—whether their lonely trip was cheered by a bright sun, or made disagreeable in the extreme by violent storms—their craft floated down the stream, its helmsmen never for a moment losing their spirits, or regretting their acceptance of the positions they occupied.

Some small adventures they had on their journey, talks with settlers and hunters, and other flat-boat men; but they had an adventure that was not small when they had come near to the end of their journey.

They had reached a sugar plantation between Natchez and New Orleans, and had pulled their boat in and fastened it to the shore for the night. But when they had lain down on their hard bed in the little cabin, they heard a scuffling. Abraham called out "Who's there?" Receiving no answer he went up on deck, and found seven negroes bent on plunder. He caught up a handspike and knocked one into the water; the second, third, and fourth were served the same way. The rest began to see that they had no ordinary assailant to deal with, and tried to run away; but Abraham and his companion leaped on shore and pursued them. The white young men were exhausted and hurt, though not seriously; but they drifted down the river for a few miles further before they again betook themselves to sleep.

The expedition was a very successful one; the cargo and the boat were disposed of advantageously, and Abraham Lincoln received ten dollars a-month for his services.





CHAPTER IV.

HIS OWN BUSINESS.

“Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.”

THE father of Abraham Lincoln liked change, and by this time he had begun to grow tired of Indiana. In March 1830, when Abraham had just completed his majority, the family moved away from Indiana farm to the fertile prairie lands of Illinois. Dennis Hanks had been sent to see if the stories told were true ones; and as he brought back a good report, Thomas Lincoln sold his land, and they started. Their goods were packed in ox waggons, one of which was driven by Abraham. The journey occupied fifteen days; and in consequence of the heavy rain, which had swollen the rivers, was often very difficult. At one time, when they were crossing the lands by Kaskaskia River, the men had to wade through water that was several feet in depth. After a journey of two hundred miles they entered Macon County, in the State of Illinois; and Mr. Lincoln selected for his home a pleasant spot on the north side of the Sangamon River, where the prairie land was bordered by trees, about ten miles west of Decatur.

There they halted, and there a home was made. They first cleared a space for it, and next built a log-cabin. Forest trees were hewn down for the purpose, and then split. It took about four days to build the house, Abraham working harder than anyone until it was finished. It was "nine logs" high, and about eighteen feet by sixteen in size. It had a peaked roof. The trees used in the manufacture were hickory, hackberry, red elm, walnut, basswood, honey, locust, and sassafras. A half sheet of oiled paper let in the light. John Hanks afterwards exhibited this cabin with great pride, showing how he and Abraham Lincoln had worked together building and splitting rails. The only tools they had were a common axe, a broad axe, a hand-saw, and a "drawer" knife. The cabin is now in the museum of Mr. Barnum in New York.

When the house was finished, the young "rail-splitter," as he was afterwards called, split rails enough to enclose a ten-acre lot; and having done that, he helped to plough and plant the ten-acre field, and then announced his intention of leaving his father's house, and beginning on his own account.

The author of the *Athens of America* speaks thus eloquently of Abraham Lincoln as he was at this time:—"His youth was now spent, and at the age of twenty-one he left his father's house to begin the world for himself. A small bundle, a laughing face, and an honest heart—these were his visible possessions, together with that unconscious character and intelligence which his country afterwards learned to prize. In the long history of 'worth depressed' there is no instance on record of such a contrast between the depression and the triumph . . . No academy, no university, no *alma mater* of science or learning had nourished him. No government had taken him by the hand, and given to him the gift of opportunity. No inheritance of land or money had fallen to him. No friend

stood by his side. He was alone in poverty, and yet not all alone. There was God above, who watches all, and does not desert the lowly. Simple in life and manners, and knowing nothing of form or ceremony, with a village schoolmaster for six months as his only teacher, he had grown up in companionship with the people, with nature, with trees, with the fruitful corn, and with the stars. While yet a child his father had borne him away from a soil wasted by slavery, and he was now the citizen of a free state, where free labour had been placed under the safeguard of irreversible compact and fundamental law. And thus closed the youth of the future President, happy at least that he could go forth under the day-star of Liberty."

He began by hiring himself to a farmer in the neighbourhood. With four yoke of oxen he broke up fifty acres of prairie land. During the winter he was engaged in splitting rails and chopping wood.

A curious story was told to the Rev. A. Hale about him by Mrs. Brown. Mr. Lincoln's name was mentioned, and she said, "Well, I remember Mr. Linken. He worked with my old man thirty-four year ago, and made a crop. We lived on the same farm where we live now, and he worked all the season and made a crop of corn, and the next winter they hauled the crop all the way to Galena, and sold it for two dollars and a half a bushel. At that time there was no public-houses, and travellers were obliged to stay at any house at night that could take them in. One evening a right smart-looking man rode up to the fence, and asked my old man if he could take him in. 'Well,' said Mr. Brown, 'we can feed your critter and give you something to eat; but we can't lodge you unless you can sleep on the same bed with the hired man.' The man hesitated, and asked, 'Where is he?' and Mr. Brown took him round to where, in the shade of the house,

Mr. Lincoln lay his full length on the ground, with an open book before him. 'There he is,' said Mr. Brown. The stranger looked at him a minute, and then said, 'Well, I think he'll do,' and he stayed and slept with the future President of the United States."

George Cluse, who used to work with Abraham Lincoln at that time, says he was the roughest-looking young man he ever saw. He was tall, and angular, and ungainly. He was very badly dressed; his trousers, which were made of flax and tow, were cut tight at the ankle, and were out at both knees. He split rails to get some better clothing, entering into a contract with Mrs. Nancy Miller "to split four hundred rails for every yard of brown jeans, dyed with white walnut bark, that would be necessary to make him a pair of trousers." He was not afraid of work, and often walked six or seven miles to get it.

His father and stepmother, and his half-brothers and sisters, had again removed from the Sangamon to Coles County, for they had all suffered from ague and fever. But although Abraham did not go with them, he always kept up a very loving connection with his family, showing many kindnesses to his father, who lived to complete his seventy-third year, and to see his son one of the most honoured men in the land.

The winter, which plunged the family into all the discomforts of ague, was a very severe one; and as soon as the snow was melted Abraham was asked to join John D. Johnson, his stepmother's son, and John Hanks, a relative of his own mother, in another trip to New Orleans, for Mr. Dentun Offutt, a trader. When they joined Offutt they found that he had not been able to buy a boat as he expected, and although they were disappointed, they were unwilling to give up in despair, and so they decided to build a boat first. Every plank of their boat was sawed by hand with a ship saw; and for building it the men received

twelve dollars a-month each. It was launched and taken to a spot where a drove of hogs were to be taken on board. Some of these were wild and difficult to manage. They were securely penned, but they could not be made to move towards the boat. They tried every plan they could think of to get them on board in vain, and at last Abraham Lincoln took them one by one into his long arms and carried them on board!

The expedition proved a very successful one; and when it was ended Offutt was so impressed with the honesty and capacity of Abraham Lincoln, that he invited him to become a clerk in his pioneer store, and take the management of it and a mill. This he did, and though he had not the graces and accomplishments of some modern young men, he speedily became a favourite, and was trusted and esteemed by all who knew him. The year that he spent in Mr. Offutt's store was of great service to him; and several characteristic tales are told of him having reference to this time.

On one occasion he sold some goods to a woman for which he charged her two dollars and six cents, which she accordingly paid him. After she had left he reckoned up the items again and found that he had charged her six cents too much. He knew he would not sleep with that on his mind; so when he had closed the store for the night he walked two or three miles to the house of the customer, and there handed back her change.

At another time, when it was nearly dark, a woman came in as the store was being closed, and asking for half-a-pound of tea. Lincoln weighed the tea and took the money; but the next morning as soon as he opened the shop he found that he had made a mistake the night before, and put a four-ounce instead of a half-pound weight on the scale. So he at once started, and without waiting for his breakfast took the woman the quarter of a pound of tea that belonged to her.

Abraham had some fighting to do while he was in Offutt's store. He was once serving some ladies, when a rough looking, rough-mannered fellow came in and began talking in very coarse and insulting language. Lincoln said quietly, "Don't you see there are ladies here? If you have anything of this kind to say to me, cannot you wait until they have gone?" "No," said the man, in a loud voice, "this is my time, and I shall say what I please." "You had better not," answered the store-clerk.

"You come on," said the man, threateningly; "I will fight any man who presumes to tell me what I shall say."

"Very well," said Lincoln. "Wait a minute; if you must be whipped I suppose I may as well whip you as any other man."

As soon as the ladies had left, Lincoln went out and punished the bully as he deserved. He threw him on the ground, and held him there while he rubbed his face with some "smart-weed" that grew near, until the man bellowed for mercy. Then Lincoln washed his face, and did what he could to alleviate the pain. He not only cured the man of his folly, but turned him into a friend.

There were living in the neighbourhood of Offutt's store at this time a number of roystering young men known as "The Clary Grove Boys." They called themselves "Regulators," and beat into submission those who refused to obey their rule. They were all very strong, very swift runners, and very unscrupulous. They made every new-comer try his skill with one of their number, and either fight, or wrestle, or run a race. They selected Jack Armstrong, their champion, to oppose Abraham Lincoln, who was nothing loth to try his strength. But it soon became evident that Abe was more than a match for their favourite; and then, rather than allow their side to lose, they all set on the young man, struck and disabled him, and then Armstrong, by "legging" his opponent, managed to get him

on his back. They quite expected that this would make Lincoln angry, in which case they would have beaten him severely; but Abe took the whole thing as a joke, and getting up from the ground with a smile of good-humour on his face, proved that he was as much master of his temper as of his right arm.

This so delighted the "boys" that they wished to make him one of their number, but he declined. His heart was set upon other and higher things. He read all the books he could get, and became especially anxious to be acquainted with the rudiments of grammar. Some one told him that a man who lived eight miles from New Salem had a copy of Kirkham's Grammar; so Lincoln walked the eight miles and borrowed it. He found it an excellent text book, and he had plenty of time to study it, for just then Offut's store was closed, and Lincoln was for the time out of employment. He used to take the book to the top of a hill outside of the village, and lie there studying with all his might until he had mastered it.

"If this is what is called science," he remarked to a friend, "I think I could subdue another."

About this time he joined some debating clubs, often walking seven or eight miles to attend a meeting. He called it "practising polemics."

John Hanks told a story (reproduced in Mudge's book) of how at this time he was one day at Decatur, when a political meeting was being addressed out of doors by a grey-headed man on the subject of the legislature of Vandalia. Lincoln and Hanks stopped to listen.

"Abe, you can beat that," said John; but Lincoln shook his head. Next a genteel young man spoke, and Hanks whispered, "Abe, I *know* you can beat that;" but the reply was "Oh, no, John, I guess not."

But Hanks excited some interest on Abraham's behalf, and presently there was a call for "Abraham Lincoln."

Abraham was without shoes or stockings, and the roads were muddy. He had coarse trousers, and his jacket was not too tidy; but just as he was he ascended a salt-box which served for a platform, and began to speak as if he were master of the subject in hand. The people listened with pleasure and astonishment.

"Young man, where did you learn all that?" demanded one.

"In my father's log-cabin," was the reply.

Lincoln lost no time in increasing his store of knowledge. He used to lie on a trundle bed, and rock the cradle in which his landlady's baby reposed, and read, and study, and think with all his power. He was willing to turn his hands and his head to any good work; and we give two little bits of his speeches, that it may be seen what were his ideas in regard to work, though they were not uttered until a later period of his history:—

"My understanding of the hired labourer is this: A young man finds himself of an age to be dismissed from parental control; he has for his capital nothing save two strong hands that God has given him, a heart willing to labour, and a freedom to choose the mode of his work and the manner of his employer; he has no soil nor shop, and he avails himself of the opportunity of hiring himself to some man who has capital to pay him a fair day's wage for a fair day's work. He is benefited by availing himself of that privilege; he works industriously, he behaves soberly, and the result of a year or two's labour is a surplus of capital. Now he buys land on his own hook, he settles, marries, begets sons and daughters, and in course of time he, too, has enough capital to hire some new beginners.

"Our government was not established that one man might do with himself what he pleased, and with another man too. . . . I say, whereas God Almighty has given every man one mouth to be fed, and one pair of hands

adapted to furnish food for that mouth, if anything can be proved to be the will of heaven it is proved by this fact—that that mouth is to be fed by those hands, without being interfered with by any other man, who has also his mouth to feed and his hands to labour with. I hold that if the Almighty had ever made a set of men that should do all the eating and none of the work, He would have made them with mouths only and no hands; and if He had ever made another class that he intended should do all the work and none of the eating, He would have made them without mouths and with all hands.”

Abraham Lincoln was known to be an honest workman, and he was employed by those whose trust he had secured; but he was at this time miserably poor, and looking out for some means of subsistence. But he had faith in God; and was beginning to feel that the life which was before him would be a grander thing than he had dreamed in his boyhood. He still lacked confidence in himself, but he was biding his time, and waiting for opportunities which were certain to come.





CHAPTER V.

LAWYER LINCOLN.

"It was a link from youth to age—
A harbinger of good presage,
With youth, and age, and heaven allied,
With liberty on virtue's side."

—BLANCHARD.

IN the spring of 1832 Black Hawk, a celebrated Indian chief, came down the Mississippi, and declared his intention of ascending the Rock River to the territory of the Winnebagoes. As this was in direct opposition to the terms of the treaty, which confined him to the western bank of the Mississippi, Governor Reynolds called for volunteers to fight him. Abraham Lincoln was the first to enlist, and he was soon followed by other men from New Salem and Clary's Grove. A meeting was held at Richland for the election of officers. The Clary Grove Boys told Lincoln that he must be their captain, which, however, he felt was too great an honour. He was compelled, however, to become one of the candidates, and the other was a Mr. Kirkpatrick, one of Lincoln's former employers. The election was conducted in a very

simple fashion. The two candidates were told to stand apart, and the men were to range themselves beside the man of their choice. Three out of every four went at once to Lincoln, who felt much gratified at that which proved him to have gained the good-will of so many who knew him.

Captain Lincoln's company and others were ordered to rendezvous at Beardstown, and here he met for the first time the Hon. John T. Stewart, a lawyer and a gentleman. General Samuel Whiteside was in command, and the men had some severe marching, but the Black Hawk war was remarkable for nothing.

Mr. Lincoln spoke of it afterwards in the following humorous terms, when the friends of General Cass were endeavouring to prove him a hero:—"By the way, Mr. Speaker, did you know I am a military hero? Yes, sir, in the days of the Black Hawk war I fought, bled, and came away. Speaking of General Cass's career reminds me of my own. I was not at Stillman's defeat, but I was about as near it as Cass to Hull's surrender. It is quite certain I did not break my sword, for I had none to break. If Cass broke his sword, the idea is he broke it in desperation. I bent my musket by accident. If General Cass went in advance of me in picking whortleberries, I guess I surpassed him in charges upon the wild onions. If he saw any live fighting Indians, it is more than I did; but I had a good many bloody struggles with the mosquitoes, and though I never fainted from loss of blood, I can truly say I was often very hungry. Mr. Speaker, if I should ever conclude to doff whatever our Democratic friends may suppose there is of black-cockade Federation about me, and thereupon they should take me up as a candidate for the Presidency, I protest they shall not make fun of me, as they have of General Cass, by attempting to write me into a military hero."

His military campaign, if it did nothing else for Abraham Lincoln, must have given him a great increase of self-confidence, for on his return he became a candidate for representative in the State Legislature, an election being near. He was then twenty-three, and comparatively unknown. Party feeling ran very high between the friends of General Jackson and Henry Clay. Lincoln was for the latter. He was not elected ; but such was his popularity in his own neighbourhood that two hundred and seventy-seven out of the two hundred and eighty-four votes taken in the precincts were given to him.

His defeat in no wise discouraged him. He turned his attention to business. He became a partner in a store ; but he was less successful than he had been in his political essay. Holland, in his admirable *Life of Lincoln*, says :—“ About this time Mr. Lincoln was appointed postmaster by President Jackson. The office was too insignificant to be considered politically ; and it was given to the young man because everybody liked him, and because he was the only man willing to take it who could make out the returns. He was exceedingly pleased with the appointment, because it gave him a chance to read every newspaper that was taken in the vicinity. He had never been able to get half the newspapers he wanted before, and the office gave him the prospect of a constant feast. Not wishing to be tied to the office, as it gave him no revenue that would reward him for the confinement, he made a post-office of his hat. Whenever he went out the letters were placed in his hat. When an anxious looker for a letter found the postmaster he found his office ; and the public officer, taking off his hat, looked over his mail wherever the public might find him. He kept the office until it was discontinued, or removed to Petersburg.”

An interesting story is told in connection with this. Some years afterwards he was suddenly called upon to

settle his account with the Post-Office Department. Seeing a look of perplexity upon his face, a friend said—"Lincoln, if you are in want of money, let us help you." But he went to a little old trunk hidden away under some books, opened it, and took out a little parcel of coin, counting the seventeen dollars, which was the exact sum required. Hardly pressed by poverty as he was, he had not used the money that did not belong to him, but had carefully kept it until it should be asked for.

About this time, hearing that there was a chance of work as an assistant surveyor, he began the study, and procured a compass. At first he was too poor to buy a chain, and so he used a grape-vine. Sometime afterward, having become a surety for a debt, his compass and chain were sold, but subsequently returned to him.

Lincoln had some good friends—Mr. Greene, Major Stewart, and others. The latter strongly advised him to study the law, and nothing loth, he at once set about it. He bought a copy of Blackstone at a book auction in Springfield, and the major lent him others. He was once asked by the Rev. J. P. Gulliver—"Did you not have a law education? How did you prepare for your profession?"

He replied—"Oh, yes; I 'read law'—as the phrase is; that is, I became a lawyer's clerk in Springfield, and copied tedious documents, and picked up what I could of law in the intervals of other work. But your question reminds me of a bit of education I had, which I am bound in honesty to mention. In the course of my law-reading I constantly came upon the word *demonstrate*. I thought at first that I understood its meaning, but soon became satisfied that I did not. I said to myself—What do I do when I *demonstrate* more than when I *reason* or *prove*? How does demonstration differ from any other proof? I consulted *Webster's Dictionary*. That told of 'certain proof'—'proof beyond the possibility of doubt;' but I could form no idea

what sort of proof that was. I thought a great many things were proved beyond a possibility of doubt without recourse to any such extraordinary process of reasoning as I understood 'demonstrate' to be. I consulted all the dictionaries and books of reference I could find, but with no better results. You might as well have defined *blue* to a blind man. At last I said, 'Lincoln, you can never make a lawyer if you do not understand what *demonstrate* means;' and I left my situation in Springfield, went home to my father's house, and stayed there till I could give any propositions in the six books of *Euclid* at sight. I then found out what 'demonstrate' meant, and went back to my law-studies."

Dr. Brockett says—"He was compelled to prosecute his studies somewhat at a disadvantage, both from the necessity of supporting himself meanwhile by his own labour, and the time and attention which his position obliged him to give to politics. But nothing could prevent the consummation of his purpose; and having completed the preliminary studies, he was admitted to practice in 1836. He was what is called in the West 'a rising man,' and he commenced practice with a reputation which speedily brought him plenty of business, and placed him in the front rank of his profession. He displayed remarkable ability as an advocate in jury trials, and a ready perception and sound judgment of the turning legal points of a case. Many of his law arguments were masterpieces of logical reasoning. His forensic efforts all bore the stamp of masculine common sense, and he had a natural, easy mode of illustration that made the most abstruse subjects appear plain. Indeed, clear, practical sense, and skill in homely or humorous illustration, were the especially noticeable traits in his arguments. The graces of a polished rhetoric he certainly had not, nor did he aim to acquire them. His style of expression and the cast of his thought were his own, having all the native force of a genuine originality."

Dr. Brockett mentions, as several of Lincoln's biographers do, an incident told by one who wrote from personal knowledge. It was in connection with a son of the man named Armstrong, the champion of the Clary Grove Boys, who had proved himself a kind friend to Lincoln, and who was now dead. This young man was accused of murder. The public mind was in a state of great excitement, and the mob would have slain young Armstrong without a trial if he had not been kept securely in prison. At the preliminary examination the accuser swore so positively that it seemed there could be no hope for the young man, who abandoned himself to despair. "At this juncture," says the narrator, "the widow received a letter from Mr. Lincoln, volunteering his services in an effort to save the youth from the impending stroke. Gladly was his aid accepted, although it seemed impossible for even his sagacity to prevail in such a desperate case; but the heart of the attorney was in his work, and he set about it with a will that knew no such word as fail. Feeling that the poisoned condition of the public mind was such as to preclude the possibility of impannelling an impartial jury in the court having jurisdiction, he procured a change of *venue* and the postponement of the trial. He then went studiously to work, unravelling the history of the case, and satisfied himself that his client was the victim of malice, and that the statements of the accuser were a tissue of falsehoods.

"When the trial was called on, the prisoner, pale and emaciated, with hopelessness written on very feature, and accompanied by his half-hoping, half-despairing mother—whose only hope was in a mother's belief in a son's innocence—in the justice of the God she worshipped, and in the noble counsel who, without hope of fee or reward upon earth, had undertaken the cause—took his seat in the prisoner's box, and with a 'stony firmness' listened to the

reading of the indictment. Lincoln sat quietly by, whilst the large auditory looked on him as though wondering what he could say in defence of one whose guilt they regarded as certain. The examination of the witnesses for the State was begun, and a well-arranged mass of evidence, circumstantial and positive, was introduced, which seemed to impale the prisoner beyond the possibility of extrication. The counsel for the defence propounded but few questions, and those of a character which excited no uneasiness on the part of the prosecutor—merely in most cases requiring the main witnesses to be definite as to time and place. When the evidence of the prosecution was ended, Lincoln introduced a few witnesses to remove some erroneous impressions in regard to the previous character of his client, who, though somewhat rowdyish, had never been known to commit a vicious act ; and to show that a greater degree of ill-feeling existed between the accuser and the accused than between the accuser and the deceased.

“The prosecutor felt that his case was a clear one, and his opening speech was brief and formal. Lincoln arose, while a deathly silence pervaded the vast audience, and, in a clear and moderate tone, began his argument. Slowly and carefully he reviewed the testimony, pointing out the hitherto unobserved discrepancies in the statements of the principal witness. That which had seemed plain and plausible he made to appear crooked as a serpent’s path. The witness had stated that the affair took place at a certain hour in the evening, and that by the aid of the brightly shining moon he saw the prisoner inflict the death-blow with a sling-shot. Mr. Lincoln showed that at the hour referred to the moon had not yet appeared above the horizon, and consequently the whole tale was a fabrication.

“An almost instantaneous change seemed to have been wrought in the minds of his auditors, and a verdict of *Not Guilty* was at the end of every tongue. But the orator was

not content with this intellectual achievement, his whole being had for months been bound up in this work of gratitude and mercy, and as the lava of the overcharged crater bursts from its imprisonment, so great thoughts and burning words leaped forth from the soul of the eloquent Lincoln. He drew a picture of the perjurer so horrid and ghastly that the accuser could sit under it no longer, but reeled and staggered from the court-room, whilst the audience fancied they could see the brand upon his brow. Then in words of thrilling pathos Lincoln appealed to the jurors as fathers of some who might become fatherless, and as husbands of wives who might be widowed, to yield to no previous impressions, no ill-founded prejudice, but to do his client justice ; and as he alluded to the debt of gratitude which he owed the boy's sire, tears were seen to fall from many eyes unused to weep.

"It was near night when he concluded by saying that if justice was done—as he believed it would be—before the sun should set, it would shine upon his client a free man. The jury retired, and the court adjourned for the day. Half-an-hour had not elapsed, when, as the officers of the court and the volunteer attorney sat at the tea-table of their hotel, a messenger announced that the jury had returned to their seats. All repaired immediately to the court-house, and while the prisoner was being brought from the jail, the court-room was filled to overflowing with citizens from the town. When the prisoner and his mother entered, silence reigned as though the house were empty. The foreman of the jury, in answer to the usual inquiry from the court, delivered the verdict of *Not Guilty*. The widow dropped into the arms of her son, who lifted her up, and told her to look upon him as before, free and innocent. Then, with the words, 'Where is Mr. Lincoln?' he rushed across the room and grasped the hand of his deliverer, whilst his heart was too full for utterance. Lincoln turned

his eyes towards the west, where the sun still lingered in view, and then, turning to the youth, said, 'It is not yet sundown, and you are free.' I confess," adds the narrator, "that my cheeks were not wholly unwet by tears, and I turned from the affecting scene. As I cast a glance behind, I saw Abraham Lincoln obeying the divine injunction by comforting the widow and fatherless."

There are other stories told of him which prove him to have been both kindly and just. He was employed by a Mr. Cogdal, who had been unfortunate in business, to manage the winding-up of his affairs. Mr. Cogdal gave him a note promising to pay. Sometime after the man met with an accident, and lost the use of his arm through an explosion of gunpowder. Mr. Lincoln met him one day and inquired kindly how he was. "I am getting along poor enough," was the reply, "and I have been thinking about that note." Mr. Lincoln put the note at once into Cogdal's hand. "There, think no more about it," he said, and went quickly away so as to give the man no time to express his thanks.

A poor woman once came to Mr. Lincoln's office in great trouble. "My husband was a revolutionary soldier," she said, "and I have had to employ a pension-agent to get my claim to a pension settled by the government."

"Has he done it?"

"Yes, but he has made me pay him two hundred dollars for his services. It is all the money I have. It has ruined me. I have not even enough to pay my fare home."

"His charge was wicked and exorbitant," said Lincoln. "I will make him pay some of it back to you."

He gave that poor widow the money to pay her fare home, and commenced a suit against the dishonest agent, which was successful. Mr. Lincoln stood by at the end of the suit, and watched, with great glee, while a hundred dollars were returned to the widow.

There were two classes of persons with whom, as will be readily imagined, he had great sympathy, and for whom his services were always available—the negroes, and their friends who had helped them to escape. It made a lawyer very unpopular to undertake the defence of the latter, but Lincoln was never afraid to risk his reputation and lose his money by helping the cause of the workers on “the underground railroad,” as the system was called which sheltered slaves who were trying to escape.

Mr. Mudge tells the following story of a negro mother who came to Abraham Lincoln in her trouble:—“She and her family were brought by her master from Kentucky into Illinois, and set free. Her oldest son, upon whom she was dependent, had gone down the Mississippi on a steamboat as a waiter. On his arrival at New Orleans, he unwisely went ashore, and was arrested and thrown into prison, for no reason, except that he was a free negro, from a non-slaveholding State. This outrage was further aggravated by a threatened sale into slavery to pay his jail expenses. The feelings of Mr. Lincoln were aroused. He went at once to the Governor to inquire if he could render any official aid to the young man. The Governor replied that he was sorry to say he could do nothing. The powerful passions of Mr. Lincoln lost their usual restraint, and found expression in language he seldom used. He declared he would have the negro back or have a twenty years’ agitation in Illinois; the people should be stirred up until the Governor was invested with constitutional authority in such matters. But it was well for the young coloured man that he was not compelled to wait the result of a twenty years’ agitation. Upon a sober second thought Mr. Lincoln and his partner made up a purse, and sent it to a New Orleans correspondent, who procured the negro’s release, and returned him to his mother.”



CHAPTER VI.

A HUSBAND AND A FATHER.

“Then earth takes on a livelier hue,
And heaven distils her pearly dew ;
And life and beauty crown the heath
With genial summer’s emerald wreath.”

EVEN before Abraham Lincoln had gained his reputation as a lawyer, he had again tried to obtain a seat in the Legislature, and this time had succeeded. This was in 1834. A writer says of him—“He had not yet acquired position. At this time he was very plain in his costume, as well as rather uncourtly in his dress and appearance. His clothing was of homely Kentucky jean, and the first impression made upon those who saw him was not specially prepossessing. He had not outgrown his hard backwood experience, and showed no inclination to disguise or to cast behind him the honest and manly, though unpolished characteristics of his early days. Never was a man further removed from all snobbish affectation. As little was there, also, of the demagogue art of assuming an uncouthness or rusticity of manner and outward habit, with a mistaken motive of thus securing particular favour as one of the

masses. He chose to appear then, as he has at all times since, precisely what he was. His deportment was unassuming, though without any awkwardness or reserve. During this, his first session in the Legislature, he was taking lessons, as became his youth and inexperience, and preparing himself for the future by close observation and attention to business, rather than by a prominent participation in debate. He seldom or never took the floor to speak, although before the close of this and the succeeding special session of the same Legislature, he had shown, as previously in any other capacity in which he was engaged, qualities that clearly pointed to him as fitted to act a leading part."

In 1836 he was again a candidate for the Legislature, and was re-elected. The election was a very exciting one, and he both wrote to the papers and gave addresses. His first remarkable speech was made on behalf of a friend on this occasion. Holland thus describes it:—"Lincoln took his turn upon the platform. Embarrassed at first, and speaking slowly, he began to lay down and fix his propositions. His auditors followed him with breathless attention, and saw him enclose his adversary in a wall of fact, and then weave over him a network of deductions, so logically tight in all its meshes that there was no escape for the victim. He forgot himself entirely as he grew warm at his work. His audience applauded; and with ridicule and wit he riddled the man whom he had made helpless. Men who remember the speech allude particularly to the transformation which it wrought in Mr. Lincoln's appearance. The homely man was majestic; the plain, good-natured face was full of expression; the long, bent figure was straight as an arrow; and the kind and dreamy eyes flashed with the fire of true inspiration. His reputation was made, and from that day to the day of his death he was recognised in Illinois as one of the most powerful orators in the State." "The Sangamon County Delegation," which consisted of nine representatives,

was remarkable for the height of its members. Mr. Lincoln was the tallest, but not a man of them was less than six feet high. They used to be called "the Long Nine." Lincoln had the second place on the Committee on Public Accounts and Expenditure. He was thrown into contact with some of the best and most able men of this new State. They were chiefly occupied with measures for public improvements. Mr. Lincoln, during this session, became acquainted with Stephen A. Douglass, who was characterised by Lincoln as "the least man he ever saw." He was both slight and short. They worked together in this session, which saw Mr. Lincoln take, for the first time, his stand on the Anti-Slavery side. He was careful, however, to avoid identifying himself with the theoretical Abolitionists of the day, and declared that he thought them illegal; but he announced his belief that "the institution of slavery was founded on both injustice and bad policy."

He was still very poor. He had walked to Vandalia, where the House met, which was a hundred miles from his home, and when the session was over he walked home again. He was the only one of the "Long Nine" who did not possess a horse; and, of course, at that time there were no railways. He was very thinly clad; and when he complained of the cold, one of his companions remarked, looking down at the large feet of the future President, "It is no wonder you are cold, Abe, there is so much of you on the ground."

In 1838 he was elected for the third, and in 1840 for the fourth time to a seat in the Legislature; and in 1840 Mr. Lincoln engaged to fight a duel.

The quarrel was originally none of his, but he made it so. It arose out of the publication of a sarcastic poem in the *Sangamon Journal*, which was understood to refer to Mr. James Shields. He called on the editor, and demanded the name of the writer. This the editor refused to give, as the

writer was a lady. But the lady was a friend of Lincoln's, and he told Shields that he held himself responsible for the poem. So a duel was decided upon, which was to take place in a neutral territory on the Mississippi, called Bloody Island. But no blood was shed there on that occasion. A reconciliation was effected, and the duel was happily prevented.

In 1842, and when he was thirty-three years old, Mr. Lincoln was married to Miss Mary Todd, daughter of the Hon. Robert S. Todd of Kentucky. He wrote to a friend, J. F. Speed, Esq., just after:—"We are not keeping house, but boarding at the Globe Tavern, which is very well kept now by a widow lady of the name of Beck. Our rooms are the same Dr. Wallace occupied there, and boarding only costs four dollars a-week. . . . I most heartily wish you and your family will not fail to come. Just let us know the time a week in advance, and we will have a room prepared for you, and we will all be merry together for a while."

After his marriage Mr. Lincoln remained several years in private life, practising law with considerable success. He was too conscientious a man, however, to try to shield those whom he knew to be guilty from the punishment which they deserved.

Mr. Lincoln became the father of four children, all sons—Robert Todd, Edward, who died in infancy, William, who died in Washington during the presidency of his father, and Thomas, nicknamed by his father "Tadpole," and generally called Tad. Their home was in a pleasant house at Springfield, very different from the log-cabin in which their father was born. He was a very loving parent, never impatient with the restlessness of the children, but always kind, tender, and indulgent. He used to be seen wheeling them about in a child's gig, up and down the path in front of the house, often without hat or coat on, with his hands behind, holding the little carriage, and his thoughts evidently far

away. He was very absent-minded: some people used to say he was crazy, he seemed to be so full of thought; but all the while he was preparing for his future work and responsibility. His wife was a good woman, of the Presbyterian Church, and Mr. Lincoln, though not a member, attended with her. The Sunday-school and all benevolent institutions found in him a good friend and helper. But he was especially the friend and teacher of his own children. He used to say to them when they exhibited any unlovely tendencies in temper and disposition, "You break my heart when you act like this."

In the meantime great events were occurring, and Abraham Lincoln was known to be a man who would serve his party well. There was a growing feeling against slavery, and he had taken a very decided stand on the side of its enemies. Soon after his marriage he was expecting a nomination to Congress; but the convention of his county sent him as a delegate to nominate another man. He referred to this in his own playful manner—"In getting Baker the nomination, I shall be fixed a good deal like a fellow that is made groomsman to the man who has cut him out, and is marrying his own dear gal." But he behaved loyally to his rival, and supported him with sincerity and zeal. And Lincoln bided his time.

In 1854 a new political era opened. Holland, in his *Life of Lincoln*, thus describes the crisis:—"Events occurred of immeasurable influence upon the country; and an agitation of the slavery question was begun, which was destined not to cease until slavery itself should be destroyed. Disregarding the pledges of peace and harmony, the party in the interest of slavery effected in Congress the abrogation of the Missouri Compromise of 1820—a compromise which was intended to shut slavery for ever out of the north-west; and a bill organising the territories of Kansas and Nebraska was enacted, which left them free to choose whether they

would have slavery as an institution or not. The intention, without doubt, was to force slavery upon those territories—to make it impossible for them ever to become free States—as the subsequent exhibitions of “border ruffianism” in Kansas sufficiently testified. This great political iniquity aroused Mr. Lincoln as he had never before been aroused. It was at this time that he fully comprehended the fact that there was to be no peace on the slavery question until either freedom or slavery should triumph. He knew slavery to be wrong. He had always known and felt it to be so. He knew that he regarded the institution as the Fathers of the Republic had regarded it; but a new doctrine had been put forward. Slavery was right. Slavery was entitled to equal consideration with freedom. Slavery claimed the privilege of going wherever, into the national domain, it might choose to go. Slavery claimed national protection everywhere. Instead of remaining contentedly within the territory it occupied under the protection of the Constitution, it sought to extend itself indefinitely—to nationalise itself.

“Judge Douglas, of Illinois, was the responsible author of what was called the Kansas-Nebraska bill—a bill which he based upon what he was pleased to denominate ‘popular sovereignty’—the right of a people of a territory to choose their own institutions: and between Judge Douglas and Mr. Lincoln was destined to be fought ‘the battle of the giants’ on the questions that grew out of this great political crime. Mr. Lincoln’s indignation was an index to the popular feeling all over the North. The men who, in good faith, had acquiesced in the compromise measures, though with great reluctance, and only for the sake of peace—who had compelled themselves to silence by biting their lips—who had been forced into silence by their love of the Union, whose existence the slave power had threatened—saw that they had been overreached and foully wronged.”

It was on the occasion of a visit which Mr. Douglas paid to Springfield that the two men first measured swords in the great war of words which followed. The State Fair was being held at that time, and it had brought together a large number of representative men from all parts of the state. Mr. Douglas had been before the public all the time which Lincoln had spent in retirement, and he expounded his principles and policy with the bearing of a man who was all assurance and self-confidence; and the next day in answer to his speech Lincoln put forth all his powers. The *Springfield Journal* thus described the speaker and the scene:—

“He quivered with feeling and emotion. The whole house was as still as death. He attacked the Kansas-Nebraska bill with unusual warmth and energy, and all felt that a man of strength was its enemy, and that he intended to blast it if he could by strong and manly efforts. He was most successful; and the house approved the glorious triumph of truth by loud and long continued huzzas. Women waved their white handkerchiefs in token of woman’s silent but heartfelt consent. . . . Mr. Lincoln exhibited Douglas in all the attitudes he could be placed in in a friendly debate. He exhibited the bill in all its aspects, to show its humbuggery and falsehoods, and when thus torn to rags, cut into slips, held up to the gaze of the vast crowd, a kind of scorn was visible upon the face of the crowd, and upon the lips of the most eloquent speaker.” The editor in concluding his account says—“At the conclusion of the speech, every man felt that it was unanswerable—that no human power could overthrow it, or trample it under foot. The long and repeated applause evinced the feeling of the crowd, and gave tokens of universal assent to Lincoln’s whole argument; and every mind present did homage to the man who took captive the heart, and broke like a sun over the understanding.”

The fight thus commenced was a long one. Mr. Lincoln

during the campaign thus expressed his ideas in regard to the Declaration of Independence:—"These communities, the thirteen colonies, by their representatives in the old Independence Hall, said to the world of men, 'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are born equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' This was their interpretation of the economy of the universe. This was their lofty, and wise, and noble understanding of the justice of the Creator to His creatures. Yes, gentlemen, to all His creatures, to the whole great family of man. In their enlightened belief, nothing stamped with the divine image and likeness was sent into the world to be trodden on, and degraded, and embruted by its fellows. They grasped not only the race of men then living, but they reached forward and seized upon the furthest posterity. They created a beacon to guide their children, and their children's children, and the countless myriads who should inhabit the earth in other ages. Wise statesmen as they were, they knew the tendency of prosperity to breed tyrants, and so they established these great self-evident truths that when, in the distant future, some man, some faction, some interest should set up the doctrine that none but rich men, or none but white men, or none but Anglo-Saxon white men, were entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, their posterity might look up again to the Declaration of Independence, and take courage to renew the battle which their fathers began, so that truth, and justice, and mercy, and all the humane and Christian virtues, might not be extinguished from the land; so that no man would hereafter dare to limit and circumscribe the great principles on which the temple of liberty was being built.

"Now, my countrymen, if you have been taught doctrines conflicting with the great landmarks of the Declaration of Independence; if you have listened to suggestions

which would take away from its grandeur, and mutilate the fair symmetry of its proportions; if you have been inclined to believe that all men are not created equal in those inalienable rights enumerated by our chart of liberty, let me entreat you to come back—return to the fountain whose waters spring close by the blood of the Revolution. Think nothing of me, take no thought for the political fate of any man whomsoever, but come back to the truths that are in the Declaration of Independence.

“You may do anything with me you choose, if you will but heed these sacred principles. You may not only defeat me for the Senate, but you may take me and put me to death. While pretending no indifference to earthly honours, I *do claim* to be actuated in this contest by something higher than an anxiety for office. I charge you to drop every paltry and insignificant thought for any man’s success. It is nothing; I am nothing; Judge Douglas is nothing. *But do not destroy that immortal emblem of humanity—the Declaration of American Independence.*”

From 1858 Lincoln and Douglas were engaged in a grand fight. Debates were held at Ottawa, Freeport, Jonesborough, Charleston, Galesburg, Quincy, and Alton, and they were said to be unsurpassed in campaign annals for eloquence, ability, earnestness, adroitness, and comprehensiveness. The two rivals often travelled together in the same car or carriage, and were friendly so far as the manifestation of good feeling was concerned, though each fought the other with uncompromising vigour. Douglas once pronounced this graceful eulogy upon his opponent, at Springfield:—“I take great pleasure in bearing my testimony to the fact that Mr. Lincoln is a kind-hearted, amiable, good-natured gentleman, with whom no man has a right to pick a quarrel, even if he wanted one. He is a worthy gentleman. I have known him for twenty-five years; and there is no better citizen, and no kinder-hearted

man. He is a fine lawyer, possesses high ability; and there is no objection to him, except the monstrous revolutionary doctrines with which he is identified."

Perhaps the greatest of Lincoln's speeches was made at New York, at the Cooper Institute, on the 27th of February 1860. William Cullen Bryant presided, and the crowded audience received Mr. Lincoln with demonstrations of the greatest enthusiasm. He closed with these words:—"Neither let us be slandered from our duty by false accusations against us, not frightened from it by measures of destruction to the government, nor of dangers to ourselves. Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."

He stood now at the close of his old life and the beginning of the new; and of his appearance at the time a writer gives the following pen-portrait:—"Mr. Lincoln stands six feet and four inches high in his stockings. His frame is not muscular, but gaunt and wiry; his arms are long, but not unreasonably so for a person of his height; his lower limbs are not disproportioned to his body. In walking, his gait, though firm, is never brisk. He steps slowly and deliberately, almost always with his head inclined forward, and his hands clasped behind his back. In matters of dress he is by no means precise. Always clean, he is never fashionable; he is careless, but not slovenly. In manner he is remarkably cordial, and at the same time simple. His politeness is always sincere, but never elaborate or oppressive. A warm shake of the hand, and a warmer smile of recognition, are his methods of greeting his friends. At rest, his features, though those of a man of mark, are not such as belong to a handsome man; but when his fine dark grey eyes are lighted up by any emotion, and his features begin their play, he would be chosen from among a crowd as one who had in him not only the kindly

sentiments which women love, but the heavier metal of which full-grown men and presidents are made. His hair is black, and though thin, is wiry. His head sits well on his shoulders, but beyond that it defies description. It nearer resembles that of Clay than that of Webster ; but it is unlike either. It is very large, and, phrenologically, well proportioned, betokening power in all its developments. A slightly Roman nose, a wide-cut mouth, and a dark complexion, with the appearance of having been weather-beaten, complete the description.

“In his personal habits Mr. Lincoln is as simple as a child. He loves a good dinner, and eats with the appetite which goes with a good brain ; but his food is plain and nutritious. He never drinks intoxicating liquors of any sort, not even a glass of wine. He is not addicted to tobacco in any of its shapes. He was never accused of a licentious act in all his life. He never uses profane language. He never gambles ; we doubt if he ever indulges in any game of chance. He is particularly cautious about incurring pecuniary obligations for any purpose whatever, and in debt he is never content until the score is discharged. We presume he owes no man a dollar. He never speculates. The rage for the sudden acquisition of wealth never took hold of him. His gains from his profession have been moderate, but sufficient for his purposes. While others have dreamed of gold, he has been in pursuit of knowledge. In all his dealings he has the reputation of being generous, but exact ; and, above all, religiously honest. He would be a bold man who would say that Abraham Lincoln ever wronged any one out of a cent, or ever spent a dollar that he had not honestly earned. His struggles in early life have made him careful of money, but his generosity with his own is proverbial. He is a regular attendant upon religious worship, and though not a communicant, is a pew-holder and liberal supporter of the Presbyterian Church in Springfield, to which Mrs. Lincoln

belongs. He is a scrupulous teller of the truth—too exact in his notions to suit the atmosphere of Washington as it is now. His enemies may say that he tells black Republican lies; but no man could ever say that, in a professional capacity, or as a citizen dealing with his neighbours, he would depart from the Scriptural command. At home he lives like a gentleman of modest means and simple tastes. A good-sized house of wood, simply but tastefully furnished, surrounded by trees and flowers, is his own, and there he lives, at peace with himself, the idol of his family, and, for his honesty, ability, and patriotism, the admiration of his countrymen.”





CHAPTER VII.

NOMINATED AND ELECTED TO THE PRESIDENTIAL CHAIR.

"God cares, and humanity cares, and I care; and with God's help I shall not fail."



IN May 1859, at the Illinois State Republican Convention, an incident occurred which was amusing. Abraham Lincoln attended as a spectator, and his entrance was greeted with applause. He had scarcely taken his seat, when the Governor of the State arose, and said that an old democrat wished to make a presentation to the Convention. Leave was granted, and in came Lincoln's old friend Hanks, bearing with him two old fence-rails, gaily decorated, and bearing this inscription:—

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

The Rail Candidate for the Presidency in 1860. Two Rails from a lot
of three thousand made in 1830, by

THOMAS HANKS AND ABE LINCOLN,

Whose father was the first pioneer of Macon County."

The effect of the introduction of these rails upon an audience already excited was to increase enthusiasm, as

such melo-dramatic incidents often do. One would have thought that to have been a rail-splitter was the greatest and best training for a President, according to the ideas of the people. It is said that they cheered and shouted for a quarter-of-an-hour, and compelled Mr. Lincoln to tell them the story of those rails. He did so; they were some of the rails he had split for his father's log-cabin. He himself thought it would have been better if, instead of splitting rails, he had been preparing by work in school or college for future duties and responsibilities; but the people loved him all the more because he had been one of themselves. They raised a cry which was taken up by the toilers in all parts of the West!—"The rail-splitter of Illinois is the people's choice for the Presidency." His enemies despised him for his lowly youth; some of his friends regretted that the name of "rail-splitter" should be associated with him; but he, never ashamed of the circumstances of his birth, and never parading his poor origin, went steadily onward and upward in his course.

Mr. Buchanan, the President of the United States, had not seen his way to oppose slavery, and the tenure of his office would expire in March 1861. It was time to fix upon a President-elect, and on the 18th of May 1860 there was a meeting of the Republican National Convention, "in an immense building which the people of Chicago had put up for the purpose, called the Wigwam. There were four hundred and sixty-five delegates. The city was filled," says Raymond, "with earnest men who had gathered to press the claims of their favourite candidates, and the halls and corridors of all the hotels swarmed and buzzed with an eager crowd, in and out of which darted or pushed their way the various leaders of party politics." J. H. Holland, in his *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, thus describes the exciting scene:—

"On the assembling of the Convention everybody was

anxious to get at the decisive work, and as a preliminary, the various candidates in the field were nominated by their friends. Mr. Evarts of New York nominated Mr. Seward, and Mr. Judd of Illinois named Abraham Lincoln. Afterwards Mr. Dayton of New Jersey, Mr. Cameron of Pennsylvania, Mr. Chase of Ohio, Edward Bates of Missouri, and John McLean of Ohio, were formally nominated, but no enthusiasm was awakened by the mention of any names except those of Mr. Seward and Mr. Lincoln. Caleb B. Smith of Indiana seconded the nomination of Mr. Lincoln, as did also Mr. Delano of Ohio; while Carl Schurz of Wisconsin, and Mr. Blair of Michigan, seconded the nomination of Mr. Seward. It was certain that one of these two men would be nominated. On every pronunciation of their names, their respective partisans raised their shouts, vieing with each other in the strength of their applause. The excitement of this mass of men at that time cannot be measured by those not there, or by men in their sober senses.

"The ballot came. Maine gave nearly half her vote for Lincoln; New Hampshire seven of her ten for Lincoln. Massachusetts was divided. New York voted solid for Mr. Seward, giving him her seventy votes. Virginia, which was expected also to vote solid for Mr. Seward, gave fourteen of her twenty-two votes for Lincoln. Indiana gave her twenty-six votes for Lincoln without a break. Thus the balloting went on, amid the most intense excitement, until the whole number of four hundred and sixty-five votes was cast. It was necessary to a choice that one candidate should have two hundred and thirty-three. William H. Seward had one hundred and seventy-three and a half, Abraham Lincoln one hundred and two, Edward Bates forty-eight, Simon Cameron fifty and a half, Salmon P. Chase forty-nine. The remaining forty-two votes were divided among John McLean, Benjamin Wade, William

L. Dayton, John M. Reed, Jacob Collamer, Charles Sumner, and John C. Fremont—Reed, Sumner, and Fremont having one each.

On the second ballot the first gain for Lincoln was from New Hampshire. Then Vermont followed with her vote, which she had previously given to her senator, Mr. Collamer, as a compliment. Pennsylvania came next to his support, with the votes she had given to Cameron. On the whole ballot he gained seventy-nine votes, and received one hundred and eighty-one, while Mr. Seward received one hundred and eighty-four and a half votes, having gained eleven. The announcement of the votes given to Mr. Seward and Mr. Lincoln was received with deafening applause by their respective partisans. Then came the third ballot. All felt that it was likely to be the decisive one, and the friends of Mr. Seward trembled for the result. Hundreds of pencils were in operation, and before the result was announced, it was whispered through the immense and excited mass of people that Abraham Lincoln had received two hundred and thirty-one and a half votes, only lacking one vote and a half of an election. Mr. Carther of Ohio was up in an instant, to announce the change of four votes of Ohio from Mr. Chase to Mr. Lincoln. That finished the work. The excitement had culminated. After a moment's pause, like the sudden and breathless stillness that precedes the hurricane, the storm of wild, uncontrollable, and almost insane enthusiasm descended. The scene surpassed description. During all the balloting a man had been standing upon the roof communicating the results to the outsiders, who in surging masses far outnumbered those who were packed in the Wigwam. To this man one of the secretaries shouted—"Fire the salute! Abe Lincoln is nominated!" Then, as the cheering inside died away, the roar began on the outside, and swelled up from the excited masses like the noise

of many waters. This the insiders heard, and to it they replied. Thus deep called to deep with such a frenzy of sympathetic enthusiasm that even the thundering salute of cannon was unheard by many upon the platform.

"When the multitudes became too tired to cheer more, the business of the Convention proceeded. Half-a-dozen men were on their feet announcing the change of votes of their States, swelling Mr. Lincoln's majority. Missouri, Iowa, Kentucky, Minnesota, Virginia, California, Texas, District of Columbia, Kansas, Nebraska, and Oregon insisted on casting unanimous votes for Mr. Lincoln, before the vote was declared. While these changes were going on, a photograph of the nominee was brought in and exhibited to the Convention. When the vote was declared, Mr. Evarts, on behalf of the New York delegation, expressed his grief that Mr. Seward had not been nominated, and then moved that the nomination of Mr. Lincoln should be made unanimous. John A. Andrew of Massachusetts, and Carl Schurz of Wisconsin, seconded the motion, and it was carried. Before the nomination of a vice-president, the Convention adjourned for dinner. It is reported that such had been the excitement during the morning session that men who never tasted intoxicating liquors staggered like drunken men on coming into the open air. The nervous tension had been so great that, when it subsided, they were as flaccid and feeble as if they had but recently risen from a fever."

In the meantime, two hundred miles away from the scene of all this excitement, Abraham Lincoln was quietly waiting in the office of the *Springfield State Journal*. He could not but be anxious, but he kept masterly control over himself, and talked to his friends while his fate seemed to hang in the balance. The news of the first and second ballots had been telegraphed to him, and he waited the result of the third.

Presently a boy entered the room, and went at once to Mr. Lincoln.

"Well?"

"The nomination has taken place, and Mr. Seward—is not the highest."

The Superintendent wrote on a slip of paper, "Mr. Lincoln, you are nominated on the third ballot."

Mr. Lincoln said not a word.

Then some one belonging to the *Journal* cried, "Three cheers for the new President, Abraham Lincoln of Springfield," and a storm of applause answered the suggestion.

Then Mr. Lincoln spoke, trying hard to steady his voice, and this is what he said:—

"There is a little woman down at our house in Twelfth Street who would like to hear this. I'll go down and tell her."

And in the sacred privacy of his happy home the man was able to pour forth his emotion in the most natural way. A wave of solemn feeling came over him. He was not exultant, for he knew that an awful responsibility was laid upon him; but in prayer and thanksgiving he found courage.

He was left alone for a time, that he might be able to bear the rush of thoughts. We wonder if a picture of the log-cabin, in which his first days were spent, did not flash across his mind; and if he had not a wish that his dearly-beloved "angel-mother" could know how wonderfully her prayers had been answered, and how greatly God had honoured her son. Even if his father had only lived to see the beginning of his prosperity; but he had now been dead eight years.

However, he had soon other matters to employ his mind. A deputation from the Convention arrived, and the Hon. George Ashmun formally notified him of his nomination:—

“I have, sir, the honour, in behalf of the gentlemen who are present, a committee appointed by the Republican Convention, recently assembled at Chicago, to discharge a most pleasant duty. We have come, sir, under a vote of instructions to that committee, to notify you that you have been selected by the Convention of the Republicans at Chicago for President of the United States. They instruct us, sir, to notify you of that selection; and that committee deem it not only respectful to yourself, but appropriate to the important matter which they have in hand, that they should come in person and present to you the authentic evidence of the action of that Convention; and, sir, without any phrase which shall either be considered personally laudatory to yourself, or which shall have any reference to the principles involved in the questions which are connected with your nomination, I desire to present to you the letter which has been prepared, and which informs you of the nomination, and with it the platform resolutions and sentiments which the Convention adopted. Sir, at your convenience we shall be glad to receive from you such a response as it may be your pleasure to give us.”

Mr. Lincoln listened with a countenance grave and earnest almost to sternness, regarding Mr. Ashmun with the profoundest attention, and at the conclusion of that gentleman's remarks, after an impressive pause, he replied in a clear, but subdued voice, with that perfect enunciation which always marked his utterances, and a dignified sincerity of manner suited to the man and the occasion, in the following words:—

“Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the committee—I tender to you, and through you to the Republican National Convention, and all the people represented in it, my profoundest thanks for the high honour done me, which you now formally announce. Deeply, and even painfully sensible of the great responsibility which I could almost wish had fallen upon

some one of the far more eminent men and experienced statesmen whose distinguished names were before the Convention, I shall, by your leave, consider more fully the resolutions of the Convention, denominated the platform, and, without unnecessary or unreasonable delay, respond to you, Mr. Chairman, in writing, not doubting that the platform will be found satisfactory, and the nomination gratefully accepted.

"And now I will not longer defer the pleasure of taking you, and each of you, by the hand."

It was thought by Mr. Lincoln's friends that such an occasion ought to be one of feasting and drinking; and knowing that he was an abstainer from intoxicating liquors, one of them sent him a quantity to be used on that day.

"What am I to do?" he asked a friend. "I do not want to be inhospitable, but I believe that strong drink does harm every way. I have never had a drink of whisky in my life, and do not want to have anything to do with it now."

"Very well then, don't."

"But I am afraid my good friend who sent it will consider it very ungracious of me not to have it used."

"But you know, Mr. Lincoln, this is a matter of principle with you, and you have been elected on purpose that you may abide by principle."

"So I have, and so I will."

"Then send the liquor back—'Declined with thanks.'"

The President-elect did so; and at the close of his interview with the State delegations he said, "Gentlemen, I do not offer you wine, because I never drink it. Can we pledge each other better than in clear cold water?" With that he lifted a glass of Nature's beverage to his lips, and all the gentlemen did the same.

One of the committee was called "Tall Judge Kelly of Pennsylvania." When it came to his turn to shake hands

with Mr. Lincoln, he so evidently measured him with his eyes, that Lincoln said, "Judge, how tall are you?"

"Six feet three," was the answer. "How tall are you, Mr. Lincoln?"

"Six feet four!"

"Then, sir," said the Judge, "Pennsylvania bows to Illinois. My dear man, for years my heart has been aching for a President that I could *look up to*, and I've found him at last in a land where we thought there was none but *little* giants."





CHAPTER VIII.

CONGRATULATIONS.

"The good State has broken the cords for her spun ;
Her oil-springs and water won't fuse into one ;
The Dutchman has seasoned with freedom his kroust ;
And slow, late, but certain, the Quakers are out.

Give the flag to the winds, set the hills all aflame,
Make way for the man with the patriarch's name ;
Away with misgiving, away with all doubt,
For Lincoln goes in when the Quakers come out."

—WHITTIER.

FROM the moment that he was made President until the day of his death, Mr. Lincoln had no more leisure. From henceforth he was the property of the nation, and the nation was determined to have its rights. Some amusing stories are told by his biographers. The *Portland Press* told of a gentleman who had been at the Chicago Convention, and who, when the nomination was made, at once started to see the candidate at his house.

Arriving at Springfield, he put up at a public-house, and loitering at the front door, had the curiosity to inquire where Mr. Lincoln lived.

"There is Mr. Lincoln now, coming down the sidewalk ; that tall, crooked man, loosely walking this way ; if you wish to see him, you will have an opportunity by putting yourself in his track."

In a few moments the object of his curiosity reached the point which our friend occupied, who, advancing, ventured to accost him thus :—

"Is this Mr. Lincoln ?"

"That, sir, is my name."

"My name is R., from Plymouth County, Massachusetts, and learning that you have to-day been made the public property of the United States, I have ventured to introduce myself, with a view to a brief acquaintance, hoping you will pardon such patriotic curiosity in a stranger."

Mr. Lincoln received his salutation with cordiality, told him no apology was necessary for his introduction, and asked him to accompany him to his residence. He was introduced to Mrs. Lincoln and the two boys. After some conversation concerning the Lincoln family of the Plymouth colony, and the history of the Pilgrim Fathers, with which Mr. Lincoln seemed familiar, Mr. R. desired the privilege of writing a letter to be despatched by the next mail. Mr. Lincoln very kindly and promptly provided him with the necessary means. As he began to write, Mr. Lincoln approached, and tapping him on the shoulder, expressed the hope that he was not a spy who had come thus early to report his faults to the public.

"By no means, sir," protested Mr. R. "I am writing home to my wife, who, I dare say, will hardly credit the fact that I am writing in your house."

"Oh, sir," exclaimed Mr. Lincoln, "if your wife doubts your word, I will cheerfully endorse it, if you will give me permission."

He took the pen, and wrote in a clear hand upon the blank page of the letter as follows :—

"I am happy to say that your husband is at the present time a guest in my house, and in due time I trust you will greet his safe return to the bosom of his family.

"A. LINCOLN."

He was always most kind and patient. On one occasion he noticed two young men waiting about his door, as if wishing to speak to him, and yet feeling too timid to call.

"How do you do, my good fellows? What can I do for you? Will you sit down?" One sat, and the other said bashfully, "Mr. Lincoln, I and my companion have been having a talk about your height. He is very tall. I think he is as tall as you are: he doesn't think he is; and we just came in to see."

"Oh," said Mr. Lincoln, reaching a cane, "come here, young man, and stand against the wall."

The young man did so.

"Now come out and let me stand under it. There you see, we are exactly of the same height. Are you satisfied?"

The young men said they were; and immediately thanking Mr. Lincoln, who shook hands with them, they went away.

Directly afterwards an old woman called.

"How do you do, Mr. Lincoln? Do you remember me?"

"No, I cannot say I do."

"But, sir, I know you very well, and I have walked ten miles to congratulate you."

She then reminded him of certain incidents connected with his rides upon the circuits, until he recollected who she was and where she lived.

"I believe that I dined at your house several times, did I not?"

"Yes, sir; and once when I had nothing to give you but bread and milk."

"I don't remember that ; I think I always dined well at your place."

"No ; once you did not, and you said a very remarkable thing. You came along after we had got through dinner, and had eaten everything up, and I could give you nothing but a bowl of bread and milk. But you ate it and seemed satisfied ; and when you got up to leave you said, '*I have had a good dinner, good enough for the President of the United States.*'"

"Did I, indeed ?"

"Yes, you did ; and now, sure enough, you are the President."

"The President-elect," he said ; and he had a very pleasant talk with his old friend.

But he found the frequent calls and interviews rather disturbing. He wanted peace and quiet in his home ; and so the Executive Chamber, a large room in the State House, was fitted up for him, and here he held his receptions until he should depart for Washington. "Here he met the millionaire and the menial, the priest and the politician, women and children, old friends and new friends, those who called for love, and those who sought for office. From morning until night this was his business, and he performed it with conscientious care, and the most unwearying patience."

Adjoining and opening into the Executive Chamber was a room occupied by Mr. Newton Bateman, Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of Illinois, a friend of Mr. Lincoln, with whom he often had a quiet talk. On one of these occasions he uttered these significant words, afterwards given to the public by his biographer, Holland—"I know there is a God, and that He hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming, and I know that His hand is in it. If He has a place and work for me—and I think He has—I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is every-

thing. I know I am right, because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God. I have told them that a house divided against itself cannot stand, and Christ and reason say the same; and they will find it so. Douglas don't care whether slavery is voted up or voted down, but God cares, and humanity cares, and I care; and with God's help I shall not fail. I may not see the end; but it will come, and I shall be vindicated; and these men will find that they have not read their Bibles aright."

These words were spoken when he was feeling very sad, because some ministers had voted against him, and for slavery. Mr. Bateman was surprised at the religious feeling they expressed, and Lincoln said, "I think more upon these subjects than upon all others, and have done so for years."

Generally he hid these deeper feelings from others; and was full of the grotesque, the witty, and the funny. He was a good tale-teller, and gave himself up to mirth like a boy.

But a little story is told of an address in a Sunday-school, in connection with his visit to New York, already referred to as the occasion of his speech at Cooper Institute, which gives additional evidence that his heart was right.

"One Sunday morning I saw a tall, remarkable-looking man enter the room and take a seat among us. He listened with fixed attention to our exercises, and his countenance expressed such genuine interest that I approached him, and suggested that he might be willing to say something to the children. He accepted the invitation with evident pleasure; and, coming forward, began a simple address, which at once fascinated every little hearer, and hushed the room into silence. His language was strikingly beautiful, and his tones musical, with intense feeling.

The little faces would droop into sad conviction as he uttered sentences of warning, and would brighten into sunshine as he spoke cheerfully words of promise. Once or twice he attempted to close his remarks, but the imperative shout of 'Go on! Oh, do go on!' would compel him to resume. As I looked upon the gaunt and sinewy frame of the stranger, and marked his powerful head and determined features, now touched into softness by the impressions of the moment, I felt an irrepressible curiosity to learn something more about him, and while he was quietly leaving the room I begged to know his name. He courteously replied, 'It is Abraham Lincoln, from Illinois.'

During this visit, too, Abraham Lincoln attended divine service at the church of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. The place was packed, but Mr. Nelson Sizer, recognising Lincoln, gave up his own seat to the President-elect, who evidently enjoyed the sermon exceedingly. He told the Rev. M. Field of New York that "he thought there was not upon record, in ancient or modern biography, so *productive* a mind as had been exhibited in the career of Henry Ward Beecher."

As the months passed away between the nomination and the election, Abrahām Lincoln was exalted by his friends, and cruelly slandered by his enemies. The mental strain upon him was so great that he "saw visions," and was a little disturbed by them. A settled sadness at one time seemed to come over him; and he told his wife that he felt a pang, as though something dreadful had happened. She sympathised with him, and said that though he might be elected to a second term of office, she was afraid he would not live to complete it, though on the other hand she said the thing he had seen might be a sign of a good career.

"On the 6th November the election took place throughout the whole country, and the result was Mr. Lincoln's

triumph, not by a majority of the votes cast, but by a handsome plurality. The popular vote for him was 1,857,610; while Stephen A. Douglas received 1,365,976 votes, John C. Breckinridge 847,953, and John Bell 590,631. In the electoral college Mr. Lincoln had 180, Mr. Douglas received 12, Mr. Breckinridge 72, and Mr. Bell 39."

Mr. Lincoln was in quiet retirement while the election went on. He knew that though many were rejoicing in the North, in the South thick storms of rebellion were gathering. Mr. Stephens, the Vice-President of the Rebel Confederacy, said—"The question that presents itself is, Shall the people of the South secede from the Union in consequence of the election of Mr. Lincoln? My countrymen, I tell you candidly, frankly, and earnestly, that I do not think they ought. In my judgment the election of no man, constitutionally chosen to that high office, is sufficient cause for any state to separate from the Union. It ought to stand by and aid still in maintaining the constitution of the country. To make a point of resistance to the government, to withdraw from it because a man has been constitutionally elected, puts us in the wrong. . . . We went into the election with this people. The result was different from what we wished; but the election has been constitutionally held. Were we to make a point of resistance to the Government, and go out of the Union on this account, the record would be made up hereafter against us."

These were wise words, but the people were not willing to accept and abide by them.

The time came for Mr. Lincoln to leave the old life and enter upon the new. His progress from Springfield to the White House at Washington was full of incidents. Everywhere he was met by crowds at the railway stations, and everywhere he was expected to make addresses. It was not without regret that he left the old house in which he

had been very happy, and the neighbours who had been kind to him, and his farewell words to them are full of pathos :—

“My friends—No one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century. Here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is perhaps greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the aid of the same Divine aid which sustained him, and in the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support ; and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again I bid you all an affectionate farewell.”

The spirit of this little address shows Abraham Lincoln at his best. It was noticed by his biographers that no two persons spoke of him in the same terms. His acquaintances did not see him with the same eyes ; he revealed one part of himself to one person and quite another to the next individual with whom he came in contact.

“He visited Chicago after his election, and met with a magnificent welcome. One or two little incidents of this trip will illustrate especially his consideration for children. He was holding a reception at the Tremont House. A fond father took in a little boy by the hand who was anxious to see the new President. The moment the child entered the parlour door, he, of his own notion, and quite to the surprise of his father, took off his hat, and giving it a swing, cried, ‘Hurrah for Lincoln !’ There was a crowd, but as soon as Mr. Lincoln could get hold of the little

fellow, he lifted him in his hands, and tossing him towards the ceiling, laughingly shouted, 'Hurrah for you !' To Mr. Lincoln it was evidently a refreshing episode in the dreary work of hand-shaking. At a party in Chicago during this visit he saw a little girl timidly approaching him. He called her to him, and asked her what she wished for. She replied that she wanted his name. Mr. Lincoln looked back into the room and said, 'But here are other little girls—they would feel badly if I should give my name only to you !' The little girl replied that there were only eight of them in all. 'Then,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'get me eight sheets of paper, and a pen and ink, and I will see what I can do for you !' The paper was brought, and Mr. Lincoln sat down in the crowded dining-room and wrote a sentence upon each sheet, appending his name ; and thus every little girl carried off her souvenir."

He must have found some of the congratulations, both from their number and their force, more than a little irksome.

"People plunged at his arms with frantic enthusiasm, and all the infinite variety of shakes, from the wild and irrepressible pump-handle movement to the dead-grip, was executed upon the devoted dexter and sinister of the President. Some glanced at his face as they grasped his hand ; others invoked the blessing of heaven upon him ; others affectionately gave him their last gasping assurance of devotion ; others, bewildered and furious, with hats crushed over their eyes, seized his hand in a convulsive grasp, and passed on, as if they had not the remotest idea who, what, or where they were."





CHAPTER IX.

FROM SPRINGFIELD TO WASHINGTON.

“ Forever then their visions see
The dawn of rising liberty,
Reflecting through the morning air
In answer to their earnest prayer :
And Freedom's virgin fires flame
Within their hearts in Lincoln's name.”

—BLANCHARD.

LINCOLN'S journey was, as we have said, made from stage to stage the opportunity of declaring his sentiments in the different towns through which he passed; and these were delivered in his own masterly style. Everywhere he was welcomed with the greatest loyalty and hopefulness, and nowhere did he disappoint those who trusted him.

At Indiana he said:—“ Fellow-citizens of the State of Indiana—I am here to thank you for this magnificent welcome, and still more for the very generous support given by your State to that political cause which, I think, is the true and just cause of the whole country and the whole world. Solomon says, ‘There is a time to keep silence;’ and when men wrangle by the mouth, with no certainty

that they mean the same thing while using the same words, it perhaps were as well if they kept silence.

"The words 'coercion' and 'invasion' are much used in these days, and often with some temper and hot blood. Let us make sure, if we can, that we do not misunderstand the meaning of those who use them. Let us get the exact definition of these words, not from dictionaries, but from the men themselves, who certainly deprecate the things they would represent by the use of the words. What, then, is 'coercion?' What is 'invasion?' Would the marching of an army into South Carolina, without the consent of her people, and with hostile intent toward them, be invasion? I certainly think it would, and it would be coercion also if the South Carolinians were forced to submit. But if the United States should merely hold and retake its own forts and other property, and collect the duties on foreign importations, or even withhold the mails from places where they were habitually violated, would any or all of these things be invasion or coercion? Do our professed lovers of the Union, who spitefully resolve that they will resist coercion and invasion, understand that such things as these, on the part of the United States, would be coercion or invasion of a State? If so, their ideas of means to preserve the object of their great affection would seem to be exceedingly thin and airy. If sick, the little pills of the homœopathist would be much too large for it to swallow. In their view the Union, as a family relation, would seem to be no regular marriage, but rather a sort of free-love arrangement, to be maintained on passional attraction.

"By the way, in what consists the special sacredness of a State? I speak not in the position assigned to a State in the Union by the Constitution, for that is a bond we all recognise. That position, however, a State cannot carry out of the Union with it. I speak of that assumed primary right of a State to rule all which is less than itself, and to

ruin all which is larger than itself. If a State and a county in a given case should be equal in number of inhabitants, in what, as a matter of principle, is the State better than the county? Would an exchange of name be an exchange of rights? Upon what principle, upon what rightful principle, may a State, being no more than one-fiftieth part of the nation in soil and population, break up the nation and then coerce a proportionably large subdivision of itself in the most arbitrary way? What mysterious right to play tyrant is conferred on a district or county, with its people, by simply calling it a State? Fellow-citizens, I am not asserting anything: I am merely asking questions for you to consider. And now allow me to bid you farewell."

At New Jersey he concluded his speech by saying—"I shall endeavour to take the ground I deem most just to the North, the East, the West, and the South, and the whole country. I take it, I hope, in good temper, certainly with no malice towards any section. I shall do all that may be in my power to promote a peaceful settlement of all our difficulties. The man does not live who is more devoted to peace than I am; none who would do more to preserve it. But it may be necessary to put the foot firmly down; and if I do my duty, and do it right, you will sustain me, will you not? Received as I am by the members of a Legislature, the majority of whom do not agree with me in political sentiment, I trust that I may have their assistance in piloting the ship of State through this voyage, surrounded by perils as it is; for, if it should suffer shipwreck now, there will be no pilot needed for another voyage."

Both at New Jersey and New York his reception was most enthusiastic, and when he reached Philadelphia he was warmly received by the Mayor. In his reply he said—"It were useless for me to speak of details of plans now. I shall speak officially next Monday week, *if ever*. If

I should not speak then, it were useless for me to do so now."

Mrs. Lincoln and their two sons were travelling with the President during the eventful journey, which was less eventful than some of his foes meant to make it. He had known that all along the route were some men seeking to take his life. An endeavour was made to throw the train off the track soon after it left Springfield; and at Cincinnati a hand grenade was found concealed upon the train. At Philadelphia the whole plot was unfolded to him. A detective of great skill and experience undertook to ferret out the conspiracy, and he got several persons to assist him. He found that the conspirators were resolved that Mr. Lincoln should not pass through Baltimore alive; that in case he should reach Baltimore, he should be shot by one of a party that was to gather round the carriage in the guise of friends. A hand grenade was to complete the work which the pistol had begun.

The detective had an interview with the President on his arrival at Philadelphia. Mr. Lincoln told him that he had two engagements—the one was to raise the American flag on Independence Hall the next morning, which happened to be the anniversary of Washington's birthday; and that he had accepted an invitation to a reception by the Pennsylvania Legislature the same afternoon. "Both of these engagements I will keep," said he, "if it costs me my life."

In the meantime General Scott and Senator Seward, who were in Washington, sent Mr. Frederick W. Seward to Philadelphia to warn Mr. Lincoln that his life was in danger, and it would be wise to come to Washington in the quietest possible way. He knew, therefore, that the slave-power was in active revolt, and the friends of slavery were seeking his life. But he did not shrink from the performance of his duty. He uttered these words in Independence Hall:—

“I am filled with deep emotion at finding myself standing here in this place, where were collected the wisdom, the patriotism, the devotion to principle from which sprang the institutions under which we live. You have kindly suggested to me that in my hands is the task of restoring peace to the present disturbed state of the country. I can say in return, sir, that all the political sentiments I entertain have been drawn, as far as I have been able to draw them, from the sentiments which originated in, and have been given to the world from this Hall. I have never had a feeling politically that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence. I have often pondered over the dangers that were incurred by the men who assembled here, and framed and adopted that Declaration of Independence. I have pondered over the toils that were endured by the officers and soldiers of the army who achieved that independence. I have often inquired of myself what idea or principle it was that kept this confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of the separation of the colonies from the mother-land, but that sentiment that gave liberty not alone to the people of this country, but to the world for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weight would be lifted from the shoulders of all men. This is a sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence. Now, my friends, can this country be saved upon this basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. If it cannot be saved upon that principle, it will be truly awful. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it. Now, in my view of the present aspect of affairs, there need be no bloodshed or war. There is no necessity for it. I am not in favour of such a course; and I may say in advance that there will be no bloodshed,

unless it be forced upon the Government, and then it will be compelled to act in self-defence."

At the close of the speech Mr. Lincoln went, as invited, on the platform outside, and with a few words to the people, ran up the beautiful flag to the top of the staff, amid the hearty cheers of many thousands.

Abraham Lincoln was not lacking in courage, but the fact remains that he entered the capital about six o'clock in the morning, and when only a few of his friends expected him. It was considered absolutely necessary for the safety of his life that special precautions should be taken. His family remained behind, and went on by the special train that was prepared for the President; but the news was telegraphed that Lincoln himself had safely arrived, and was staying with Senator Seward at Willard's Hotel. Two days later he was serenaded by the Republican Association, and waited upon by the Mayor and municipal authorities, who gave him a cordial welcome. He suitably replied to both deputations.

Holland says—"The days that preceded the inauguration were rapidly passing away. In the meantime, although General Scott had been busy and efficient in his military preparations for the occasion, many were fearful that scenes of violence would be enacted on that day, even should Mr. Lincoln be permitted to escape assassination until then. It was a time of fearful uncertainty. The leading society of Washington hated Mr. Lincoln and the principles he represented. If it would be uncharitable to say that they would have rejoiced at his death, it is certainly true that they were in perfect sympathy with those who were plotting his destruction. His coming and remaining would be death to the social dominance of slavery in the national capital. This they felt, and nothing would have pleased them better than a revolution which should send Mr. Lincoln back to Illinois, and instal Jefferson Davis in the White House.

There was probably not one man in five in Washington, at the time Mr. Lincoln entered the city, who, in his heart, gave him welcome. It is not to be wondered at that his friends all over the country looked nervously forward to the 4th of March.

But the inaugural day broke beautifully clear, and the true friends of the new President surged into the city by thousands. There was an unusual display of soldiers, but all beside looked as usual on these occasions. Most of the schools and places of business were closed, and the stars and stripes floated from every flagstaff. Those who were in the hall regarded with the profoundest interest the entrance of President Buchanan and the President-elect—the outgoing and the incoming man. Judge Taney administered the oath to Mr. Lincoln, and the judge was exceedingly agitated as he did so. Every one listened with an absorbed interest, so profound as to be almost painful, to the inaugural address of the President. It was moderate and conciliatory, marked by respectful friendliness to the South, and clear and wise throughout.

“Fellow-citizens of the United States—In compliance with a custom as old as the Government itself, I appear before you to address you briefly, and to take in your presence the oath prescribed by the constitution of the United States to be taken by the President before he enters on the execution of his office . . . I take the official oath to-day with no mental reservations, and with no purpose to construe the constitution or laws by any hypocritical rules; and while I do not choose now to specify particular acts of Congress as proper to be enforced, I do suggest that it will be much safer for all, both in official and private stations, to conform to and abide by all those acts which stand unrepealed, than to violate any of them, trusting to find impunity in having them held to be unconstitutional . . . Such of you as are now dissatisfied still

have the old constitution unimpaired, and, on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it ; while the new administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you, who are dissatisfied, hold the right side in the dispute, there is still no single reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favoured land, are still competent to adjust in the best way all our present difficulties. In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect, and defend it. I am loth to close. We are not enemies but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bond of affection. The mystic cord of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot-grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

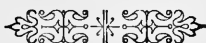
"This address," says Dr. Brockett, "was delivered in tones distinctly audible to the vast throng who surrounded the President ; and almost before the echo of his voice had faded from their hearing, the telegraph and the printing-press carried it to the homes and the hearts of his countrymen in other parts of the Union. To the people it brought the welcome assurance that imbecility, double-dealing, and treachery no longer held sway over the nation ; that the new President was determined to maintain the national integrity ; and that, while faithful to his official oath, he would use every lawful and reasonable means to avert the evils of domestic war. . . . Men felt that a new political

era had dawned, and breathed more freely even in the face of dangers that encompassed the Republic."

Mr. Lincoln's first duty was to appoint his Cabinet, and this he proceeded at once to do. The position occupied by Mr. Seward before the country was such as to point him out as the person to occupy the highest point of honour under the executive, and Mr. Lincoln had no hesitation in asking him to become the Secretary of State. Judge Bates of Missouri was made Attorney-General; Salmon P. Chase of Ohio was appointed to the Treasury; and Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania became Secretary of War. Mr. Wells of Connecticut was Secretary of the Navy; Mr. Montgomery Blair of Maryland, Postmaster-General; and Mr. Caleb Smith of Indiana was Secretary of the Interior.

A more disagreeable and irksome duty followed; but it was necessary to sift out all the disloyal men who filled responsible positions. Lieutenant-General Scott, the head of the army, tendered his advice and services. At the time of the inauguration seven States had revolted, and there was treason everywhere; but Mr. Lincoln was determined that if a first shot were fired it should be by the rebels and not the Government. The rebels had taken some forts; but a gallant little band in Fort Sumter, Charleston Harbour, refused to surrender. There was a bombardment of thirty-three hours "sustained by Anderson and his little band of heroes, only seventy in number," and the fort had to be evacuated on Sunday morning, the 14th of April 1861.

These were dark days for Abraham Lincoln. Trouble and treachery met him in unexpected places. He was for peace, but his enemies were determined to have war, and it was evident that force must be met with force.





CHAPTER X.

WAR !

“ ‘Come to the rescue !’ The cry went forth
Through the length and breadth of the loyal North,
For the gun that startled Sumter heard
Wakened the land with its fiery word.
The farmer paused with his work half done,
And snatched from the nail his rusty gun ;
And the smart mechanic wiped his brow,
Shouting ‘ There’s work for my strong arm now !’
And the parson doffed his gown, and said—
‘ Bring me my right good sword instead !’
And the scholar paused in his eager quest,
And buckled his belt on with the rest ;
And each and all to the rescue went
As unto a royal tournament ;
For the loyal blood of a nation stirred
To the gun that startled Sumter heard.”

—CAROLINE A. MASON.



ON the 15th of April, the day after the evacuation of Fort Sumter, the President issued his first proclamation:—

“ Whereas the laws of the United States have been for some time past, and are now, opposed, and the executive thereof obstructed in the States of South Carolina,

Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, or by the power vested in the marshals by law ; now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, in virtue of the power in me vested by the Constitution and the laws, have thought fit to call forth, and hereby do call forth, the militia of the several States of the Union, to the aggregate number of 75,000, in order to suppress said combinations, and to cause the laws to be duly executed.

“The details of this object will be immediately communicated to the State authorities through the War Department. I appeal to all loyal citizens to favour, facilitate, and aid this effort to maintain the honour, the integrity, and existence of our national Union, and the perpetuity of popular government, and to redress wrongs already long enough endured. I deem it proper to say, that the first service assigned to the forces hereby called forth will probably be to repossess the forts, places, and property which have been seized from the Union ; and in every event the utmost care will be observed, consistently with the objects aforesaid, to avoid any devastation, any destruction of, or interference with property, or any disturbance of peaceful citizens of any part of the country ; and I hereby command the persons composing the combinations aforesaid to disperse and return peaceably to their respective abodes within twenty days from this date. Deeming that the present condition of public affairs presents an extraordinary occasion, I do hereby, in virtue of the power in me vested by the constitution, convene both Houses of Congress. The senators and representatives are, therefore, summoned to assemble at their respective chambers at twelve o'clock noon, on Thursday, the fourth day of July next, then and there to consider and determine such measures as, in their wisdom, the public safety and interest seem to demand.—In

witness whereof, I hereunto set my hand, and cause the seal of the United States to be affixed.

“Done at the City of Washington, this fifteenth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-fifth.

“ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

“By the President :

“WILLIAM H. SEWARD, *Secretary of State*.”

“The utterance of this proclamation,” says a historian, “was so clearly a necessity, and was so directly a response to the uprising of the people, that not a voice was raised against it. It was received with no small degree of excitement, but it was a healthy excitement. It was a necessity, and loyal men felt everywhere that the great struggle between slavery and the country was upon them. ‘Better that it should be settled by us than by our children,’ they said ; and in their self-devotion they were encouraged by their mothers, sisters, and wives. The South knew that war must come, and they were prepared. Nearly all the Southern ports were already in their hands. They had robbed the Northern arsenals through the miscreant Floyd. They had cut off the payment of debts due to the North. They had ransacked the mails so that the Government could have no communication with its friends and forces. They had been instructing officers for years, and drilling troops for months. They knew that there were not arms enough in the North to furnish an army competent to overcome them. When, therefore, Mr. Lincoln called for his seventy-five thousand men, they met the proclamation with a howl of derision.”

But they did not know the North ! Under the influence of the insult to the national flag all the patriotism of the North was aroused, and there was a universal desire to

avenge the fall of Sumter. Every Northern State responded, and from private persons as well as from the Legislatures men, arms, and money were offered with a profusion that was absolutely lavish. Massachusetts was first, for it had troops already at hand. Governor Banks had said years before, that "troops would be called upon to suppress a slaveholders' rebellion." He had gone out of office now, but his prediction was fulfilled, and his successor, Governor Andrew, promptly despatched the troops which were ready. The "Massachusetts Sixth" marched off at once, completely equipped, and within forty-eight hours two other regiments also left Boston, on their way to Washington. As the "Sixth" passed through Baltimore it was met by a mob, carrying a secession flag, and a free fight ensued, by which several men were killed and wounded. This raised the excitement of the people to boiling point. The entire section of the Union in the North felt outraged that troops should be assailed and murdered while going to protect the capital of the nation. Governor Hicks of Maryland, and Major Brown of Baltimore, urged that no more troops should pass through Baltimore; and the men burnt down the bridges so that the troops should not have access to the town. Governor Hicks proposed that the matter should be referred to Lord Lyons, the British Minister, for arbitration; but Mr. Seward replied for the President that they ought not to refer their domestic contentions to any foreign power for settlement. Eventually the troops were forwarded by way of Annapolis.

A pleasant ray of light in the darkness of the trouble that hung over President Lincoln was the reconciliation effected by Mr. Ashmun between Lincoln and Douglas. At first Douglas hesitated, but his wife being called in, threw all the weight of her influence into the scale. "He gave up all his enmity and resentment, cast every unworthy sentiment behind him, and cordially declared his willing-

ness to go to Mr. Lincoln and offer him his earnest and hearty support." Mr. Lincoln welcomed him, and the two were faithful friends until the death of Mr. Douglas.

The secession of the States of Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina, and Arkansas, was soon proclaimed. Then Washington, which was in great danger, was the scene of important military operations. Fortress Monroe, commanding the gateway of Virginia, was reinforced and held, and Harper's Ferry was blown up.

Mr. Lincoln had no longer his old antagonist Mr. Douglas to deal with, but he had instead Mr. Jefferson Davis, who convened his Congress at Montgomery, and issued a document which declared the rightfulness of his position, and tried to shift the blame to the shoulders of Abraham Lincoln.

Fighting now began in earnest. On the 10th of June was fought the battle of Big Bethel. A young officer, Major Winthrop, a man of great bravery and literary ability, whose loss was severely felt, was killed in the fight, and greatly mourned by Lincoln. So was another man, Colonel Ellsworth, who died under the following circumstances:—A secession flag had been planted on a building in Alexandria, in sight of the capitol at Washington. Colonel Ellsworth went personally to the Marshal House, kept by James Jackson, and mounting to the top, pulled down the secession flag. James Jackson at once shot him dead. His body was borne to the White House, and the sight of it filled Mr. Lincoln with grief.

"This was a friend of mine; I knew him well," he said, in broken accents. "He was a student in my office when I and Herndon were together. Poor young martyr! One of the first, but how many are to follow!"

When the young man whose death had so affected the President was buried, Mr. Lincoln himself attended the funeral as chief mourner.

The trouble of Mr. Lincoln was greatly increased by that which came next. "On the 16th of July the national army, of about thirty thousand men, under General McDowell, moved forward and attacked the enemy at Bull Run on the twenty-first, the result being the defeat, with a loss of four hundred and eighty killed, and one thousand wounded, of our forces, who fell back on Washington in the greatest confusion and disorder. Had the rebel forces closely followed the panic-stricken fugitives, the capitol would have been their easy prey." The result of this battle was naturally exceedingly disappointing to the country; but the people did not lose heart: their courage and determination only became stronger. We are not writing a history of the American War, and do not therefore describe the battles. But we give, in the words of the Hon. George Bancroft, in his memorable address, a condensed account of the spirit in which it was carried on by Mr. Lincoln and the loyal people:—

"When it came home to the consciousness of the Americans that the war which they were waging was a war for the liberty of all the nations of the world, for freedom itself, they thanked God for giving them strength to endure the severity of the trial to which He put their sincerity, and nerved themselves for their duty with an inexorable will.

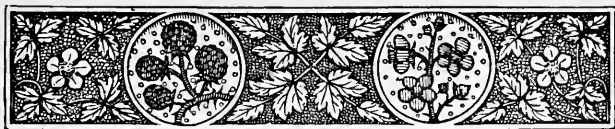
"The President was led along by the greatness of their self-sacrificing example; and, as a child in a dark night, on a rugged way, catches hold of the hand of its father for guidance and support, he clung fast to the hand of the people, and moved calmly through the gloom. While the statesmanship of Europe was mocking at the hopeless vanity of their efforts, they put forth such miracles of energy as the history of the world had never known. The contributions to the popular loans amounted in four years to twenty-seven and a-half hundred millions of dollars; the

revenue of the country from taxation was increased seven fold. The navy of the United States, drawing into the public service the willing militia of the seas, doubled its tonnage in eight months, and established an actual blockade from Cape Hatteras to the Rio Grande. In the course of the war it was increased fivefold in men and in tonnage, while the inventive genius of the country devised more effective means of ordnance, and new forms of naval architecture in wood and iron. There went into the field, for various terms of enlistment, about two millions of men, and at the close of the war the men in the army exceeded a million.

. . . "In one single month one hundred and sixty-five thousand men were recruited into service. Once, within four weeks, Ohio organised and placed in the field forty-two regiments of infantry, nearly thirty-six thousand men; and Ohio was like other States in the east and in the west. The well-mounted cavalry numbered eighty-four thousand of horses and mules: there were bought, from first to last, two-thirds of a million. In the movements of the troops science came in aid of patriotism, so that, to choose a single instance out of many, an army twenty-three thousand strong, with its artillery, trains, baggage, and animals, was moved by rail from the Potomac to the Tennessee, twelve hundred miles, in seven days. On the long marches wonders of military construction bridged the rivers, and wherever an army halted ample supplies awaited them at their ever-changing base. The vile thought that life is the greatest blessing did not rise up. In six hundred and twenty-five battles and severe skirmishes blood flowed like water. It streamed over the grassy plains, it stained the rocks; the undergrowth of the forest was red with it; and the armies marched on with majestic courage from one conflict to another, knowing that they were fighting for God and liberty. The organisation of the medical department met its

infinitely multiplied duties with exactness and despatch. At the news of a battle the best surgeons of our cities hastened to the field to offer the untiring aid of the greatest experience and skill. The gentlest and most refined of women left homes of luxury and ease to build hospital-tents near the armies, and serve as nurses to the sick and dying. Besides the large supply of religious teachers by the public, the congregations spared to their brothers in the field the ablest ministers. The Christian Commission, which expended more than six million and a quarter of dollars, sent nearly five thousand clergymen, chosen out of the best, to keep unsoiled the religious character of the men, and made gifts of clothes, food, and medicine. The organisation of private charity assumed unheard-of dimensions. The Sanitary Commission, which had seven thousand societies, distributed, under the direction of an unpaid board, spontaneous contributions to the amount of fifteen millions in supplies or money, a million-and-a-half in money from California alone, and dotted the scene of war, from Paducah to Port Royal, from Belle Plain, Virginia, to Brownsville, Texas, with homes and lodges."





CHAPTER XI.

EMANCIPATION.

“ Emancipation is proclaimed,
The shackles fall—the slave’s unchained.”

MR. LINCOLN was always careful to insist on the truth that the war was entered into to preserve the Union, and not for the abolition of slavery. But events pointed to this as the great result; and Abraham Lincoln, whose soul hated slavery, could not but be thankful to have been the man chosen by God to set the slaves free.

In the meantime the terrible war and its miseries pressed on no heart more heavily than that of the President. He had lived among the people, and knew many of them, and when he heard of the losses of the men he frequently shed tears. “ Poor fellows! I am thinking of our poor fellows,” he would say.

Of course he had many advisers. He was too cautious and deliberate for some people, who wondered why he did not at once declare the emancipation of the slaves. But there are two sides to every question, and Mr. Lincoln never limited his view to one of them. At last a good deal

of pressure was brought to bear upon him, especially in the press ; and a long letter from Horace Greeley, printed in the *New York Tribune*, though somewhat intemperate and severe, put the case of the slaves very earnestly before the President and the public. Mr. Lincoln replied to it, declaring that his first desire was to save the Union, as he had sworn by oath to do.

"People wish to hurry me," he said to a friend, "but I must wait until I see that the time has come. Many point out to me what they consider my duty, and say that divine Providence has revealed it. May not I hope that light will be given to me?"

At length it seemed to him that the exigencies of the army called for the emancipation of the slaves. News of the battle of Antietam came to the President while he was on a visit to the Soldier's Home. He had already written the draft of a preliminary proclamation, and he at once went back to Washington and called a Cabinet, at which he said the time for emancipation had come.

"I believe that public sentiment will support it," he said. "Many of my warmest friends and adherents have demanded it, and I have promised my God that I will do it." The last words were uttered very reverently, and in low tones.

"Did I understand you correctly, Mr. President?" asked Mr. Clay, who sat nearest him, in surprise.

And Lincoln replied—"I made a solemn vow before God that if General Lee should be driven back from Pennsylvania, I would crown the result by a declaration of freedom to the slaves."

Accordingly, on the 22d of September the proclamation was issued :—

"I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy thereof, do hereby proclaim and declare that hereafter, as

heretofore, the war will be prosecuted for the object of practically restoring the constitutional relation between the United States and the people thereof in those States in which that relation is or may be suspended or disturbed ; that it is my purpose, upon the next meeting of Congress, to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure tendering pecuniary aid to the free acceptance or rejection of all the slave States so called, the people whereof may not then be in rebellion against the United States, and which States may then have voluntarily adopted, or thereafter may voluntarily adopt, the immediate or gradual abolishment of slavery within their respective limits, and that the effort to colonise persons of African descent, with their consent, upon the continent or elsewhere, with the previously-obtained consent of the Government existing there, will be continued ; that on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or any designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and for ever free.” When this was followed by the other proclamation on New Year’s Day 1863, he added these words :—“ And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defence ; and I recommend to them that, in all cases when allowed, they labour faithfully for reasonable wages.

“ And I further declare and make known that such persons, of suitable condition, will be received into the armed service of the United States, to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

“ And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favour of Almighty God.

"In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my name, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

"Done at the City of Washington, the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

"By the President : ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"WILLIAM H. SEWARD, *Secretary of State*."

Two days after the issue of the proclamation a large body of men assembled in front of the White House with music, and called for the President, to congratulate him on what he had done. He courteously appeared, and addressed a few words to them—"What I did," he said, "I did after a very full deliberation, and under a heavy and solemn sense of responsibility. I can only trust in God I have made no mistake." The President remarked to Mr. Colfax, the same evening, that the signature appeared somewhat tremulous and uneven. "Not," said he, "because of any uncertainty or hesitation on my part, but it was just after the public reception, and three hours hand-shaking is not calculated to improve a man's chirography." Then changing his tone, he added—"The South had fair warning that if they did not return to their duty I should strike at this pillar of their strength. The promise must now be kept, and I shall never recall one word."

How did the slaves themselves receive the news? They were overwhelmed with joy; and Mr. Lincoln followed up the great kindness by many smaller ones, such as inviting a host of coloured Sunday school children to the White House. No public testimonial of regard, it is safe to say, gave Mr. Lincoln more sincere pleasure during his entire public life than that presented by the coloured people of the city of Baltimore, in the summer of 1864, consisting of an elegant copy of the Holy Bible. The volume was of the usual

pulpit size, bound in violet-coloured velvet. The corners were bands of solid gold, and carved upon a plate also of gold, not less than one-fourth of an inch thick. Upon the left-hand cover was a design representing the President in a cotton-field knocking the shackles off the wrists of a slave, who held one hand aloft as if invoking blessings upon the head of his benefactor—at whose feet was a scroll, upon which was written “Emancipation.” Upon the cover was a similar plate, bearing the inscription :—

TO

Abraham Lincoln,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, THE FRIEND OF UNIVERSAL
FREEDOM,

From the loyal coloured people of Baltimore, as a token of respect
and gratitude. Baltimore, 4th July 1864.

The presentation was made by a committee of coloured people, consisting of three clergymen and two laymen, who were received by the President in the most cordial manner, after which the Rev. F. W. Chase, on the part of the committee, said :—

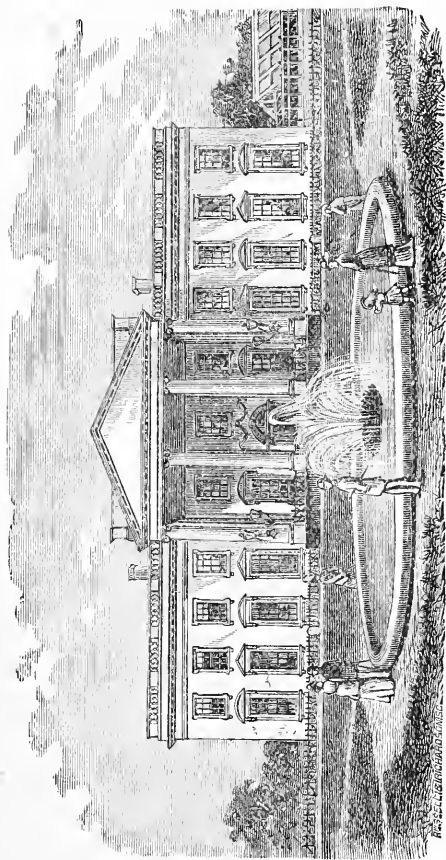
“Mr. President—The loyal coloured people of Baltimore have delegated to us the authority to present this Bible, as a token of their appreciation of your humane part towards the people of our race. While all the nation are offering their tributes of respect, we cannot let the occasion pass by without tendering ours. Since we have been incorporated in the American family we have been true and loyal, and we now stand by ready to defend the country. We are ready to be armed and trained in military matters, in order to defend and protect the star-spangled banner !”

A coloured nurse in one of the hospitals, who had once been a slave, prepared, as an expression of love and reverence, a collection of wax-fruits, and went with her

minister to present it to Mr. Lincoln. In the *Anti-Slavery Standard* the account of the visit was published in her own words—"The Commissioner, Mr. Newton, received us kindly, and sent the box to the White House, with directions that it should not be opened until I came. The next day was reception-day, but the President sent me word that he would receive me at one o'clock. I went and arranged the table, placing it in the centre of the room. Then I was introduced to the President and his wife; he stood next to me, then Mrs. Lincoln, Mr. Newton, and the minister, the others outside. Mr. Hamilton, the minister, made an appropriate speech, and at the conclusion said, 'Perhaps Mrs. Johnson would like to say a few words?' I looked down to the floor and felt that I had not a word to say, but after a moment or two the fire began to burn" (laying her hand on her breast), "and it burned and burned till it went all over me. I think it was the Spirit, and I looked up to him and said, 'Mr. President, I believe God has hewn you out of a rock, for this great and mighty purpose. Many have been led away by bribes of gold, of silver, of presents, but you have stood firm, because God was with you, and if you are faithful to the end He will be with you!' With his eyes full of tears he walked round and examined the present, pronounced it beautiful, thanked me kindly, but said, 'You must not give me the praise: it belongs to God.'"

These stories are given in an interesting book by a painter, Mr. F. B. Carpenter, called *Six months at the White House with Abraham Lincoln: the Story of a Picture*. The book gives a pleasing account of the home-life of the President, and we are sure our readers will be gratified to read some extracts:—

"My first interview with the President took place at the customary Saturday afternoon public reception. Never shall I forget the thrill which went through my whole being



THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.



as I first caught sight of that tall, gaunt form through a distant doorway, bowed down, it seemed to me, even then, with the weight of the nation he carried upon his heart, as a mother carries her suffering child, and thought of the place he held in the affection of the people, and the prayers ascending constantly, day after day, in his behalf. The crowd was passing through the rooms, and presently it was my turn and name to be announced. Greeting me very pleasantly, he soon afterwards made an appointment to see me in the official chamber directly after the close of the 'reception.' The hour named found me at the well-remembered door of the apartment, that door watched daily with so many conflicting emotions of hope and fear, by the miscellaneous throng gathered there. The President was alone and already deep in official business, which was always pressing. He received me with the frank kindness and simplicity so characteristic of his nature, and after reading Mr. Lovejoy's note, said, 'Well, Mr. Carpenter, we will turn you in loose here, and try to give you a good chance to work out your idea!' . . . The President seemed much interested in my work from the first, but as it progressed his interest increased. I occupied for a studio the spacious 'state dining-room' of the White House, in the southwestern corner of the mansion. He was in the habit of bringing many friends in to see what advance I was making from day to day. I have known him to come by himself as many as three or four times in a single day. It seemed a pleasant diversion to him to watch the gradual progress of the work, and his suggestions, though sometimes quaint and homely, were almost invariably excellent. Seldom was he heard to allude to anything which might be construed into a personality in connection with any member of the Cabinet. On one occasion, however, I remember with a sly twinkle of the eye he turned to a senatorial friend whom he had brought in to see the picture, and said, 'Mrs.

Lincoln calls Mr. Carpenter's group *The Happy Family*. . . . There was a satisfaction to me simply in sitting in the room with him, though no words might be uttered, perhaps, for long intervals. Apparently absorbed with my pencil, and he with his papers, he would sometimes seem to forget my presence entirely. It was at such times that I loved to study him. Frequently, when persons were admitted on business, before entering upon confidential discussions, they would turn an inquiring eye upon me, which Mr. Lincoln would meet by saying, 'Oh, you need not mind him; he is but a painter!' There was never a feeling of restraint or constraint on my part; his personal magnetism was so great, to hear him was like getting into the sunshine. As I now look back upon these privileged days, my heart is stirred with affection for the just and noble man, second only to the filial regard due to a parent. It has been my fortune to mingle quite freely, in my professional life, with many distinguished public men. I have said repeatedly to friends, that I never knew one so utterly unconscious of distinction or power as Mr. Lincoln. He seemed to forget himself in the magnitude of his responsibilities. Under all circumstances he was precisely the same—plain, unostentatious, truth-loving, pure and good. Dr. Stone, his family physician in Washington, once said to me, 'I tell you, Mr. Lincoln is the purest hearted man I ever saw.'





CHAPTER XII.

LIFE AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

“ And when the griefs of life are past,
And safe in heaven your lot is cast,
Then you shall see the good and ill
That human destinies fulfil,
Though oft in hidden footsteps trod,
The path that marks the will of God.”

—BLANCHARD.



S will be seen from the interesting account of *Life in the White House*, by Mr. Carpenter, the painter, Mr. Lincoln had brought the old sincerity and homeliness of taste into the President's official residence. Other biographers tell tales scarcely less interesting. Mr. Mudge, especially, tells one of John Hanks, which he got from his own lips :—

“ Soon after Mr. Lincoln's first inauguration I called at the White House, and sent up my name. I trembled a little bit, but said to myself, ‘Don't I know Abe Lincoln, and don't he know John Hanks?’ Still the thought kept crowding into my mind, ‘Abe's a long way out of sight of John now.’ Soon the messenger returned, saying, ‘The President says, Come up.’ I entered the office where Mr.

Lincoln was sitting, surrounded, it seemed to me, by all the great men of the country. Rising from his seat, and stepping forth to meet me, he seized my extended hand with both of his, exclaiming, 'John, I'm glad to see you. How do you do? How is your family?' It was the welcome of other years, and I forgot that he was President, and replied, 'I'm pretty well, I thank you, Abe: how's your folks?' After we had chatted a while, he asked me to come again, and I did call upon him several times, and he never seemed to feel above his old friend of the Illinois log-cabin."

Mr. Lincoln on one occasion invited a former friend and his wife to take a drive in the presidential carriage, which, naturally, was gladly accepted.

"Must I wear gloves?" asked the friend.

"Oh, yes, of course you must," replied his wife.

"But we never used to do so in the old days, unless because the weather was cold."

"But things are different now. You must wear gloves out of respect to the President."

"Lincoln used not to like them any better than I. However, I suppose I must put them on."

At the same time the President was asking Mrs. Lincoln, "Must I wear gloves?"

"Yes, I think you had better."

"I'll put a pair in my pocket, and we will see."

When they were seated in the carriage, Mr. Lincoln began slyly to pull his gloves on, and his friend just as quietly to pull his off. It was too absurd; and as soon as each saw what the other was doing, both burst into a hearty laugh; and they had their drive in an ungloved condition.

When the President could get a little respite he was always glad to do so. "He entered the White House a healthy man, with a frame of iron, and without indulgence

in a single debilitating vice, he became a feeble man, weary-worn beyond the reach of rest." But he was fond of music and singing, and often found relief in story-telling.

Carpenter says that once a man known as "Jeems Pipes of Pipesville" begged Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln to give him half-an-hour in their presence to go through his performance. The man gave comic illustrations of various characters, and among the rest that of a stammering man, which greatly amused Mr. Lincoln. At the close the President told him that he had once known a stammering man who *whistled* with his stammering, and advised Pipes to add that touch of nature to his performance. Pipes practised it several times, trying to imitate the whistle as performed by the President, and then went away greatly delighted.

Sometimes the determination of Mr. Lincoln to have his bit of fun annoyed those who came to him on serious business. A Congressman once went to him, and Lincoln began, as usual, to tell him an amusing story.

"Mr. President," said his visitor, warmly, "I did not come hear to listen to stories. The times are too serious for that." Lincoln at once became grave. "My dear sir," he said, "do you suppose that I do not feel the gravity of the situation as deeply as you? I assure you the trouble is with me night and day; but if I did not sometimes find *vent* I should die."

The fact is that he took his fun as other over-burdened statesmen take their wine, and it helped him, if not in the same, in a better way.

It is said that when he had prepared the draft of the Emancipation proclamation, and had the members of the Cabinet together, that he might read it to them, he commenced proceedings by reading a chapter of *Artemus Ward*: and when he had read it, he went on with the solemn business in hand.

When General Grant came into chief command of the

armies, Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, at their first interview, could not agree with him as to the number of troops to be left for the defence of Washington, while the main army marched on Richmond. A correspondent of the *New York Herald* thus gives the conversation, and the happy turn given to the dispute between the high officials:—

“Well, General,” remarked the Secretary, “I suppose you have left enough men to strongly garrison the forts round Washington?”

“No,” said Grant, coolly, “I couldn’t do that.”

“Why not?” cried Stanton, nervously; “why not? why not?”

“Because I have already sent the men to the front,” replied Grant, calmly.

“That won’t do,” cried Stanton, more nervously than before. “It’s contrary to my plans. I can’t allow it. I’ll order the men back.”

“I shall need the men there, and you can’t order them back,” answered Grant.

“Why not?” inquired Stanton, again. “Why not? why not?”

“I believe that I rank the Secretary in this matter,” was the quiet reply.

“Very well,” said Stanton, a little warmly, “we’ll see the President about that. I’ll have to take you to the President.”

“That’s right,” politely observed Grant. “The President ranks us both.”

Arrived at the White House, the General and Secretary asked to see the President upon important business, and in a few moments the good-natured face of Mr. Lincoln appeared.

“Well, gentlemen,” said the President, “what do you want of me?”

“General,” said Stanton, stiffly, “state your case.”

"I have no case to state," replied General Grant. "I am satisfied as it is;" thus outflanking the Secretary, and displaying the same strategy in diplomacy as in war.

"Well, well," said the President, laughing, "state your case, Secretary."

Secretary Stanton obeyed; General Grant said nothing; the President listened very attentively. When Stanton had concluded, the President crossed his legs, rested his elbow on his knee, twinkled his eyes quaintly, and said, "Now, Secretary, you know we have been trying to manage this army for two years and a-half, and you know we hav'n't done much with it. We sent over the mountains and brought *Mister* Grant, as Mrs. Grant calls him, to manage it for us, and now I guess we had better let *Mister* Grant have his own way."

A German paper publishes the following:—"A lieutenant, whom debts compelled to leave the Fatherland and the service of his country, succeeded in being admitted to President Lincoln, and by reason of his commendable and winning deportment, together with his intelligent appearance, was promised a lieutenant's commission in a cavalry regiment. He was so enraptured with his success that he deemed it his duty to inform the President that he belonged to one of the oldest families of the nobility of Germany. 'Oh, never mind that,' said Mr. Lincoln; 'you will not find that to be an obstacle in the way of your promotion.'"

Mr. Lincoln's kindness of heart showed itself in many ways. A young man had been sentenced to be shot for falling asleep at his post as a sentinel. Mr. Lincoln was to sign the death warrant.

"How many hours has this young man been on duty?" he asked.

"He was on duty some time, sir, for he had relieved a friend who was ill. But nothing can excuse so great a fault as sleeping at his post."

"I shall pardon him," said the President. "I could not think of going into eternity with the blood of the young man on my skirts. It is not to be wondered at that a boy raised on a farm, probably going to bed at dark, should, when required to watch all night, fall asleep; and I cannot consent to shoot him for such an act."

So the young man was pardoned; but Mr. Lincoln thought so much about him that he became nervous lest, after all, through some mistake, the pardon should not find its way to the proper authorities in time to stay execution, and he could not sleep that night until some one had been sent to see that all was right.

The gratitude of the young man was proved in a very pathetic manner. He fought in the battle of Fredericksburg, and was found among the slain. When the body was examined it was discovered that he was wearing next his heart a photograph of his friend and preserver, and underneath were written the words "*God bless President Lincoln.*"

The Rev. Newman Hall was told a story by an officer to the effect that twenty-four deserters had been tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be shot. Lincoln refused to sign the warrant for their execution. The officer then went to Washington himself to try to prevail on the President.

"It will not do to forgive those men," he said.

"It will not do to shoot them," said the President.

"Mr. President, unless these men are made an example of, the army itself is in danger. Mercy to the few is cruelty to the many," pleaded the officer.

But Lincoln replied, "Mr. General, there are already too many weeping widows in the United States. For God's sake don't ask me to add to the number, for I won't do it."

In the midst of his kindness, his love of fun was constantly creeping up. A friend from Illinois once called

to plead for a neighbour. On the march he had fallen out of the ranks, and entered a drinking saloon. There he stayed, indulging his taste for liquor, until his regiment had left the town. Failing to join it at the proper time, he was sentenced to be shot as a deserter.

"He may as well be pardoned," said Lincoln; "I guess he will do us more good above the ground than under the ground."

He took the order to sign the pardon, but the table was so full of papers of all kinds that he could find no room.

"By-the-by," he said, "do you know how the Patagonians manage about their oysters? They open them, and throw the shells out of the window, until the pile gets higher than the house, and then they move."

Having told the story, he signed the pardon, and sent the man away rejoicing.

Holland says:—"Yet Mr. Lincoln could be severe. Towards crimes resulting from sudden anger, or untoward circumstances, or sharp temptations—the long catalogue of vices growing out of human weakness—towards these he was always lenient; but towards a cool, calculating crime against the race, or any member of it, from ambitious or mercenary motives, he was severe. The systematic, heartless oppression of one man by another man always aroused his indignation to the highest pitch. An incident occurred soon after his inauguration which forcibly illustrates this point. The Hon. John B. Alley of Lynn, Massachusetts, was made the bearer to the President of a petition for pardon, by a person confined in the Newburyport jail, for being engaged in the slave trade. He had been sentenced to five years' imprisonment, and the payment of a fine of one thousand dollars. The petition was accompanied by a letter to Mr. Alley, in which the prisoner acknowledged his guilt, and the justice of his sentence. He was very penitent—at least on paper—and had received the full

measure of his punishment so far as it related to the term of his imprisonment ; but he was still held because he could not pay his fine. Mr. Alley read the letter to the President, who was much moved by its pathetic appeals, and when he had himself read the petition, he looked up, and said, ‘ My friend, that is a very touching appeal to our feelings. You know my weakness is to be, if possible, too easily moved by appeals for mercy, and if this man were guilty of the foulest murder that the arm of man could perpetrate, I might forgive him on such an appeal ; but the man who could go to Africa, and rob her of her children, and sell them into interminable bondage, with no other motive than that which is furnished by dollars and cents, is so much worse than the most depraved murderer, that he can never receive pardon at my hands. No ! He may rot in jail before he shall have liberty by any act of mine.’ A sudden crime, committed under strong temptation, was venial in his eyes, on evidence of repentance ; but the calculating, mercenary crime of man-stealing and man-selling, with all the cruelties that are essential accompaniments of the business, could win from him, as an officer of the people, no pardon.”

Mr. Lincoln had not only the troubles of state to bear, but his own domestic griefs as well ; and in February 1862 he had a very severe one. Sickness entered his house. Both Willie and “Tad” were ill ; and as his children were very dear to him, this added trouble perplexed and distressed him greatly. A good Christian lady of Massachusetts, who was giving her services in one of the hospitals, went to the White House to help Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln in nursing the children. She said afterwards that Mr. Lincoln often watched with her, and this gave her an opportunity of speaking to him.

He was always patient when people exhorted him, but he took the few serious words of this lady better than some from other people. It is reported that once when a minister

was introduced, he provided him a seat, and sitting opposite, said, "Now, sir, I am ready to hear what you have to say."

"Oh, bless you, sir," said the minister, "I have nothing special to say; I merely called to pay my respects to you, and, as one of the million, to assure you of my hearty sympathy and support."

"My dear sir," said the President, rising with a sigh of relief, "I am very glad to see you indeed; *I thought you had come to preach to me.*"

But he did not mind being preached to sometimes.

He said to the lady who was nursing his children, "This is the hardest trial of my life; why is it? why is it?"

The lady did not know that she could do better than tell Mr. Lincoln a little of her own history.

"I used to ask, 'How is it?' when my troubles came," she said.

"Ah, you have had troubles like the rest of us, I suppose."

"Yes, indeed, very sore troubles. I am a widow, and have two children in heaven. But I have seen the hand of God in it all, and can say that I never loved or trusted Him so much as since my affliction."

"But how was that brought about?"

"Simply by trusting in God, and feeling that He does all things well," she replied.

"Did you submit fully under the first loss?" he asked.

"No, not wholly," she replied; "but as blow came upon blow, and all was taken, I could and did submit, and was very happy."

"I am glad to hear you say that," responded the President; "your experience will help me to bear my afflictions."

If sympathy could have helped the President he would have been helped; but there are some troubles that are too

great for anything human to alleviate ; only God can bind up a bruised and broken heart. Willie Lincoln died. The Cabinet addressed these words to Congress :—"The President of the United States was last evening plunged into affliction by the death of a beloved child. The heads of departments, in consideration of this distressing event, have thought it would be agreeable to Congress, and to the American people, that the official and private buildings occupied by them should not be illuminated on the evening of the twenty-second."

It was a time of joy, but the President and the people were full of sorrow. Willie Wallace Lincoln was buried in a vault in the Oak-Hill Cemetery at Georgetown ; but the funeral services were conducted at the White House. His friends were allowed to pass through and take a last look at him. He was dressed in his accustomed jacket and trousers, with white stockings and low shoes, and white collar and wristband turned over his dark jacket. A wreath of flowers was on his breast, and in his hand a beautiful bouquet of camelias, while his body was covered with azalias and sprigs of mignonette. There were present Members of the Cabinet, Foreign Ministers, Members of Congress, Officers of the Army and Navy, and many citizens and ladies. The Rev. Dr. Gurley, the President's chaplain, performed the service in a very impressive manner. The President said some time afterwards to a friend, "Since Willie's death I catch myself every day involuntarily talking with him, as if he were with me."

That the loss of his child was blessed and sanctified to him there can be no doubt. The author of *The Forest Boy* says, that when a gentleman was going on business to the White House, a number of Christian friends said to him, "We want you to ask Mr. Lincoln if he loves Jesus." He promised that he would do so. When he had finished his interview with the President, he said, "At the soli-

citation of some Christian friends, I have a question to propose to you, if you will allow me, Mr. Lincoln."

"Certainly," was the courteous reply.

"It is this:—'*Do you love Jesus?*'"

The President burst into tears, buried his face in his handkerchief, and for a time was unable to speak. At length he said, "When I left Springfield I said to my fellow-citizens, 'Pray for me,' but I was not then a Christian. When my child died my heart was still rebellious against God. But when I walked the battle-field of Gettysburg, and saw the wounded and the dying, and felt that by that victory our cause was saved, I then and there resolved, and gave my heart to Jesus. *I do love Jesus.*"

On 19th November 1863 the Gettysburg Cemetery was opened, and on that occasion Mr. Lincoln said—

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this Continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and dedicated, can endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that a nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper to do this.

"But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living or dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above my power to add or detract. The world will little note or long remember what we say here. It is for us, the living rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be dedicated here to the great task remaining before us—that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they died, resolved that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under

God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Mr. Carpenter tells of a poem of which the President was very fond, and which he had learnt by heart. We give the first and last stanzas—

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud :
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?"

To Mrs. Gurney, the widow of the London banker, and well-known friend and philanthropist, Mr. Lincoln wrote:—"My esteemed friend, I have not forgotten, never shall forget, the very impressive occasion when you and your friends visited me on a Sabbath forenoon two years ago. Nor had your kind letter, written nearly a year later, ever been forgotten. In all it has been your purpose to strengthen my reliance upon God. I am much indebted to the good Christian people of the country for their constant prayers and consolations, and to none more than to yourself. The purposes of the Almighty are perfect, and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail accurately to perceive this in advance. We hoped for a happy termination of this terrible war before this ; but God knows best, and has ruled otherwise. We shall yet acknowledge His wisdom, and our own errors therein ; meanwhile we must work earnestly in the best lights He gives us, trusting that so working still conduces to the great end He ordains. Surely He intends some great good to follow this mighty commotion, which no mortal could make, and no mortal could stay."

More and more Abraham Lincoln was learning to trust

in God. He spent an hour every morning in reading the Scriptures and in prayer. Once, when a great battle was in progress, he said, "I have done all that I could. There is nothing that I can do."

"Yes," said a lady, "you can pray."

He went away to his own room; and while he was there, a telegram came to say that a Union victory had been won. He came into the room crying, "Good news! Good news! The victory is ours. God is good." "Nothing like prayer," suggested the lady. "Yes," said Lincoln, "there is praise: prayer and praise."

Dr. Brockett gives the account of the daily routine of the life at the White House in the narrative of "One who Knew":—"Mr. Lincoln is an early riser, and he is thus able to devote two or three hours each morning to his voluminous private correspondence, besides glancing at a city paper. At nine he breakfasts; then walks over to the War Office, to read such war telegrams as they give him (occasionally some are withheld), and to have a chat with General Hallick on the military situation, in which he takes a great interest. Returning to the White House, he goes through with his morning's mail, in company with a private secretary, who makes a minute of the reply which he is to make, and others the President retains that he may answer them himself. Every letter receives attention, and all which are entitled to a reply receive one, no matter how they are worded, or how inelegant the chirography may be.

"Tuesdays and Fridays are Cabinet days, but on other days visitors at the White House are requested to wait in the ante-room, and send in their cards. Sometimes before the President has finished reading his mail, Louis will have a handful of pasteboard, and from the cards laid before him Mr. Lincoln has visitors ushered in, giving precedence to acquaintances. Three or four hours do they pour in, in rapid succession, nine out of ten asking offices, and patiently

does the President listen to their application. Care and anxiety have furrowed his rather homely features, yet occasionally he is reminded of an anecdote, and good-humoured glances beam from his clear grey eyes, while his ringing laugh shows that he is not 'used up' yet. The simple and natural manner in which he delivers his thoughts make him appear to those visiting him like an earnest, affectionate friend. He makes little parade of his legal science, and rarely indulges in speculative propositions, but states his ideas in plain Anglo-Saxon, illuminated by many lively images and pleasing allusions, which seem to flow as if in obedience to a restless impulse of nature. Some newspaper admirer attempts to deny that the President tells stories. Why, it is rarely that anyone is in his company for five minutes without hearing a good tale appropriate to the subject talked about. Many a metaphysical argument does he demolish by simply telling an anecdote, which exactly overturns the verbal structure.

"About four o'clock the President declines seeing any more company, and often accompanies his wife in her carriage to take a drive. He is fond of horseback exercise. The President dines at six, and it is rare that some personal friends do not grace the round dining-table, where he throws off the cares of office, and reminds those who have been in Kentucky of the old-school gentleman who used to dispense generous hospitality there. From the dinner-table the party retire to the crimson drawing-room, where coffee is served, and where the President passes the evening, unless some dignitary has a special interview. Such is the almost unvarying life of Abraham Lincoln, whose administration will rank next in importance to that of Washington in our national annals."



CHAPTER XIII.

RE-ELECTED.

“Not lightly fall beyond recall
The written scrolls a breath can float ;
The crowning fact, the kingliest act
Of freedom, is the freeman’s vote.

So shall our voice of sovereign choice
Swell the deep bass of duty done,
And strike the key of time to be,
When God and man shall speak as one.”

—WHITTIER.

“**I** SHALL NEVER BE GLAD AGAIN,” said Abraham Lincoln to a lady who waited upon him for six days, to persuade him to give an order for the erection of hospitals in the North. But when he said that, he was thinking of the dead soldiers whose lives had been poured out as water. Other things there were that certainly gave him pleasure, and among them was the fact that from the working men of England came addresses of sympathy and confidence. England’s sufferings were only second to those of America during the long war, which deprived the Lancashire mills of cotton, and made hundreds of thousands idle, and plunged nearly half the homes of England into poverty and distress. Yet so clearly did the

people understand that this was no fault of the wise and kindly, but hard-pressed President, that the working men of Manchester sent him words of cheer. He said, among other things, in reply—"I know and deeply deplore the sufferings which the working men of Manchester and in all Europe are called to endure in this crisis. It has been often and studiously represented that the attempt to overthrow this Government, which was built upon the foundation of human rights, and to substitute for it one which should rest exclusively on the basis of human slavery, was likely to obtain the favour of Europe. Through the action of our loyal citizens, the working men of Europe have been subjected to severe trial, for the purpose of forcing their sanction to that attempt. Under the circumstances I cannot but regard your decisive utterances upon the question as an instance of sublime Christian heroism, which has not been surpassed in any age or in any country. It is indeed an energetic and reinspiring assurance of the inherent power of truth, and of the ultimate and universal triumph of justice, humanity, and freedom. I do not doubt that the sentiments you have expressed will be sustained by your great nation; and, on the other hand, I have no hesitation in assuring you that they will excite admiration, esteem, and the most reciprocal feelings of friendship among the American people. I hail this interchange of sentiment, therefore, as an augury that whatever else may happen, whatever misfortune may befall your country or my own, the peace and friendship which now exist between the two nations will be, as it shall be my desire to make them, perpetual.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

The working men of London held a similar meeting about the same time, and took substantially the same action. The President made the following response to their address:—

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, 2nd Feb. 1863.

"*To the Working Men of London—*

"I have received the New Year's Address which you have sent me, with a sincere appreciation of the exalted and humane sentiments by which it was inspired.

"As these sentiments are manifestly the enduring support of the free institutions of England, so I am sure also that they constitute the only reliable basis for free institutions throughout the world.

"The resources, advantages, and powers of the American people are very great, and they have consequently succeeded to equally great responsibilities. It seems to have devolved upon them to test whether a Government established on the principles of human freedom can be maintained against an effort to build one upon the exclusive foundation of human bondage. They will rejoice with me in the new evidences which your proceedings furnish, that the magnanimity they exhibit is justly estimated by the true friends of freedom and humanity in foreign countries.

"Accept my best wishes for your individual welfare,* and for the welfare and happiness of the whole British people.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

In connection with England, an amusing story, culled from Carpenter's book, may here be given:—

"Upon the betrothal of the Prince of Wales to the Princess Alexandra, Queen Victoria sent a letter to each of the European sovereigns, and also to President Lincoln, announcing the fact. Lord Lyons, her ambassador at Washington, requested an audience of Mr. Lincoln, that he might present the document in person. At the time appointed he was received at the White House, in company with Mr. Seward.

"‘May it please your Excellency,’ said Lord Lyons, ‘I

hold in my hand an autograph letter from my royal mistress, Queen Victoria, which I have been commanded to present to your Excellency. In it she informs your Excellency that her son, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, is about to contract a matrimonial alliance with Her Royal Highness the Princess Alexandra of Denmark.'

"After continuing in this strain for a few minutes, Lord Lyons tendered the letter to the President, and awaited his reply. It was short, simple, and expressive, and must have astonished the ambassador (who was a bachelor), for it consisted of these words, '*Lord Lyons, go thou and do likewise.*'"

Mr. Carpenter wonders what success he met with in putting the reply in diplomatic words when he reported it to Her Majesty.

The year 1864 was a very remarkable one in the annals of the United States. It became evident, when the year had only half passed, that, in regard to the election of a President, which had in due course now to be made, the people were already resolved.

A great convention was held at Baltimore, at which a ballot was taken, the result of which proved that Lincoln was again the choice of the people. The chairman went to Washington to tell the President, and he replied:—

"Having served four years in the depth of a great and yet unended national peril, I can view this call to a second term in nowise more flattering to myself than as an expression of the public judgment that I may better finish a difficult work, in which I have laboured from the first, than could any one less severely schooled to the task. In this view, and with assured reliance on that Almighty Ruler who has so graciously sustained us thus far, and with increased gratitude to the generous people for their continued confidence, I accept the renewed trust, with its yet onerous and perplexing duties and responsibilities."

But between the writing of this letter and the election there came a trial to Mr. Lincoln. He did not approve a bill which Congress brought forward, and this roused part of the press to very offensive attacks.

Mr. Horace Greeley wrote to Mr Lincoln to say that two ambassadors were in Canada, with powers from the South to negotiate a peace ; and Lincoln replied, " If you can find any person anywhere, professing to have any proposition of Jefferson Davis *in writing*, embracing the restoration of the Union and abandonment of slavery, whatever else it embraces, say to him that he may come to me with you." He also wrote the following letter :—

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, 18th July 1864.

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN :—

"Any proposition which embraces the restoration of peace, the integrity of the whole Union, and the abandonment of slavery, and which comes by and with an authority that can control the armies now at war against the United States, will be received and considered by the Executive Government of the United States, and will be met on liberal terms, on substantial and collateral points ; and the bearer or bearers thereof shall have safe-conduct both ways.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

Some of Lincoln's friends were uneasy lest the best that could be done was not done ; but he said to a deputation from Maryland :—

"Something said by the Secretary of State, in his recent speech at Auburn, has been construed by some into a threat that, if I shall be beaten at the election, I will, between then and the constitutional end of my term, do what I may be able to ruin the Government. Others regard the fact that the Chicago Convention adjourned not *sine die*, but to meet again, if called to do so by a particular individual, as

the intimation of a purpose that, if their nominee shall be elected, he will at once seize control of the Government. I hope the good people will permit themselves to suffer no uneasiness on either point. I am struggling to maintain the Government, not to overthrow it. I am struggling especially to prevent others from overthrowing it. I therefore say, that, if I live, I shall remain President until the fourth of next March, and that whoever shall be constitutionally elected in November shall be duly installed as President on the fourth of March; and, in the interval, I shall do my utmost that whoever is to hold the helm for the next voyage shall start with the best possible chance of saving the ship."

The presidential election took place on the 8th November 1864, and resulted in the triumph of Mr. Lincoln in every loyal State except Kentucky, New Jersey, and Delaware. In some of the States their soldiers in the field were allowed to vote, and the military vote was almost invariably cast for Lincoln and Johnson. The official returns for the entire vote polled summed up 4,034,789. Of these Mr. Lincoln received 2,223,035, and Mr. McClellan received 1,811,754, leaving a majority of 411,281 on the popular vote. Mr. Lincoln was elected by a plurality in 1860. In 1864 his majority was decided and unmistakable.

Of course Mr. Lincoln was gratified. "I am thankful to God for this approval of the people," said he on the night of his election, to a band of Pennsylvanians who had called upon him; and he added, "But while deeply grateful for this mark of their confidence in me, if I know my heart, my gratitude is free from any taint of personal triumph. I do not impugn the motives of any one opposed to me. It is no pleasure to me to triumph over any one; but I give thanks to the Almighty for this evidence of the people's resolution to stand by free government and the rights of humanity." A German soldier said—"I goes for Fader

Abraham; he likes the soldier boy. Ven he serves tree years, he gives him four hundred dollars, and re-enlists him von veteran. Now, Fader Abraham, he serve four years. We re-enlist him for four years more, and make von veteran of him."

Congratulations poured in upon him from all quarters. There was a pressure upon him, almost greater than he could sustain; but he found time in the midst of all the excitement to write the following:—

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, 21st Nov. 1864.

"DEAR MADAM—I have been shown, on the files of the War Department, a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they have died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

"Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"To MRS. BRIXBY, Boston, Massachusetts."

A clergyman once said to the President that he hoped "the Lord was on our side." Lincoln replied, "I am not at all concerned about that, for I know that the Lord is always on the side of the *right*. But it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this nation should be on the Lord's side."

It seemed that at last He who was on the side of the right was about to send peace again. The crisis had come. Mr. Lincoln was himself in a tent at City Point, on the James' River, and he telegraphed the results of the battles as news were brought to him. The strain upon his nervous system was very great; but he found some relief in tending a cat and a family of kittens that had just been born. On Monday morning, 3rd April, the news came that the rebels had left Richmond, and that the Union forces were occupying the city. He started to go, but paused—"Little kitten," he said, taking up one of the tiny creatures, "I must perform a last act of kindness for you before I go. I must open your eyes;" and this he did as tenderly as a woman could have done it. When the kitten blinkingly looked around in wonder, he said, "Oh, that I could open the eyes of my blinded fellow-countrymen as easily as I have those of that little creature."

On the same afternoon, 3rd April, Mr. Lincoln, attended by his son "Tad," who held his father's hand in awe and wonder, visited the city of Richmond. The visit is thus described by O. C. Coppin, Esq., in the *Atlantic Monthly*:—"There was no committee of reception, no guard of honour, no grand display of troops, no assembling of an eager multitude to welcome him. He entered the city unheralded. Six sailors, armed with carabines, stepped upon the shore, followed by the President, who held his little son by the hand, and Admiral Porter; the officers followed, and six more sailors brought up the rear. There were forty or fifty freed-men, who had been sole possessors of themselves for twenty-four hours, at work on the bank of the Canal, securing some floating timber, under the direction of a lieutenant. Somehow they obtained the information that the man who was head and shoulders taller than all others around him, with features large and irregular, with a mild eye and pleasant countenance, was President Lincoln.

“ ‘God bless you, sah !’ said one, taking off his cap, and bowing very low.

“ ‘Hurrah ! Hurrah ! President Linkum hab come !’ was the shout which rang through the streets.

“ The lieutenant found himself without command. What cared those freed-men, fresh from the house of bondage, for floating timber and military commands ? Their deliverer had come—he who next to the Lord Jesus was their best friend. It was not a hurrah that they gave, but a wild, jubilant cry of inexpressible joy.

“ They gathered round the President, ran ahead, hovered upon the flanks of the little company, and hung like a dark cloud upon the rear. Men, women, and children joined the constantly-increasing throng. They came from all the by-streets, running in breathless haste, shouting, hallooing, and dancing with delight. The men threw up their hats ; the women waved their bonnets and handkerchiefs, clapped their hands, and sang—‘Glory be to God ! glory, glory, glory !’ rendering all the praise to God who had heard their wailings in the past, their moaning for wives, husbands, children, and friends sold out of their sight, had given them freedom, and, after long years of waiting, had permitted them thus unexpectedly to behold the face of their great benefactor.

“ ‘I thank you, dear Jesus, that I behold President Linkum !’ was the exclamation of a woman who stood upon the threshold of her humble home ; and with streaming eyes and clasped hands gave thanks aloud to the Saviour of men.

“ Another, more demonstrative in her joy, was jumping and striking her hands with all her might, crying, ‘Bless de Lord, bless de Lord, bless de Lord !’ as if there could be no end of her thanksgiving.

“ The air rang with a tumultuous chorus of voices. The streets became almost impassable on account of the increasing multitude. Soldiers were summoned to clear the way.

How strange the event! The President of the United States—he who had been hated, despised, maligned above all other men living—to whom the vilest epithets had been applied by the people of Richmond—was walking their streets, receiving their thanksgiving, blessings, and prayers from thousands who hailed him as an ally of the Messiah.

. . . “Abraham Lincoln was walking in their streets; and, worst of all, that plain, honest-hearted man was recognising the ‘niggers’ as human beings by returning their salutations! The walk was long, and the President halted a moment to rest. ‘May de good Lord bless you, President Linkum!’ said an old negro, removing his hat, and bowing, with tears of joy rolling down his cheeks. The President removed his own hat and bowed in silence; but it was a bow that upset the forms, laws, customs, and ceremonies of centuries. It was a death-shock to chivalry, and a mortal wound to caste. Recognise a nigger! Faugh! A woman in an adjoining house beheld it, and turned from the scene in unspeakable disgust. There were men in the crowd who had daggers in their eyes, but the chosen assassin was not there, the hour for the damning work had not come, and that great-hearted man passed on to the Executive Mansion of the Confederacy.

“Want of space compels us to pass over other scenes—the visit of the President to the State House; the jubilant shouts of the crowd; the rush of freed-men into the Capitol grounds, where, till the appearance of their deliverer, they had never been permitted to enter; the ride of the President through the streets; his visit to Libby Prison; the distribution of bread to the destitute, etc.”

Mrs. Lincoln went the next day to see the city, and Lincoln held important interviews with Judge Campbell and others. He also had a drive round the city, and visited General Weitzel’s headquarters. But he was anxious to

get back to Washington, because during his absence Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, had met with a serious accident, and was confined to his bed. Mr. Lincoln went to him, and after kind words of sympathy, he threw himself across the bed, and rehearsed the story of Grant's wonderful generalship, the bravery of the soldiers, their success, Richmond's fall, and the vigorous pursuit of Lee, which was then going on. At the close of his narration he said, "Now for a day of National Thanksgiving!"





CHAPTER XIV.

PEACE AND VICTORY.

“Hushed to-day are sounds of gladness,
From the mountains to the sea ;
And the plaintive voice of sadness
Rises, mighty God, to Thee.

Freedom claimed another martyr,
Heaven received another saint ;
Who are we Thy will to question ?
Lord, we weep without complaint.”

—PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

ON the morning of the 14th of April 1865 a Cabinet Council was held, and no one thought that the President had awoke to spend his last day on earth. The whole nation was given up to rejoicing. On the eleventh there had been an impromptu gathering of the masses before the White House, and every face seemed lighted with hope and happiness. But the fourteenth was Good Friday, and the peace rejoicings were to be on a large scale. Four years ago that day the war had commenced, and now it was virtually at an end.

At the Cabinet meeting rather a singular incident occurred.

"Have you heard from General Sherman?" asked the President of General Grant.

"No, but I am hourly expecting to hear, and I hope he will tell me that Johnston has surrendered."

"Well," said the President, "you will hear very soon now, and the news will be important."

"Why do you think so?" inquired Grant.

"Because I had a dream last night, and ever since the war began I have invariably had the same dream before any important military event occurred."

He turned to Secretary Welles, and said, "It is in your line too, Mr. Welles. The dream is, that I saw a ship sailing very rapidly, and I am sure that it portends some important national event."

Later in the day the carriage was ordered for a drive.

"Would you like any one to go with us?" asked Mrs. Lincoln.

"No; let us go alone. I prefer to ride by ourselves to-day," said the President.

During the drive he was full of fun, making his wife laugh at his jokes and gaiety.

"Dear husband, you almost startle me by your great cheerfulness," she said.

"And well I may feel so, Mary," he replied, "for I consider this day the war has come to a close."

"That is indeed reason for rejoicing."

"Yes; and, Mary, we must be more cheerful in the future. Between the war and the loss of our darling Willie we have been very miserable."

Alas! that was the last drive they had together.

In the evening there was to be a grand performance at the theatre. The Washington papers announced that "Lieutenant-General Grant, President Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln and Ladies will occupy the State box at Ford's Theatre to-night." General Grant declined to attend, and Mr. Lincoln

did not wish to go, but he thought the people would be disappointed if neither he nor Grant was present ; and so, as he was "fixed upon having some relaxation," he went. He and Mrs. Lincoln and their friends were greeted as soon as they entered the box with prolonged cheering. The President bowed his acknowledgments, and was soon quietly watching the transactions upon the stage.

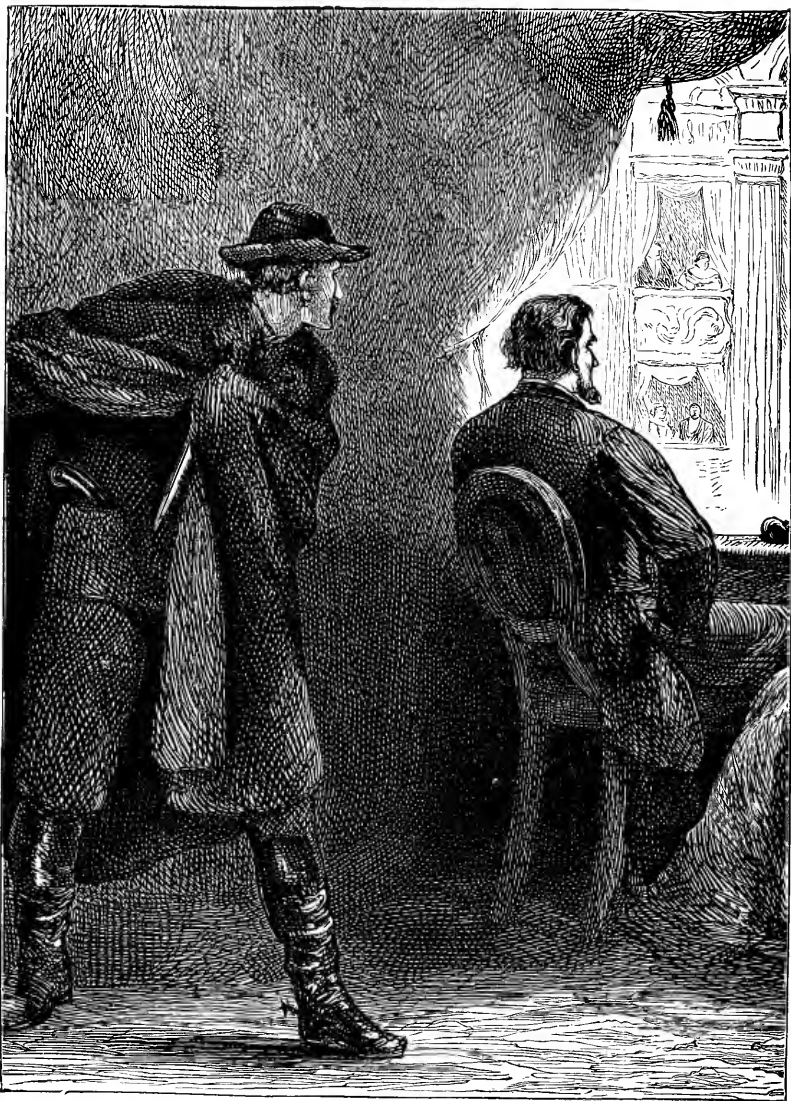
Many people were feeling anxious as to the safety of the President, for there were rumours of an intended assassination. He greatly objected to be always guarded, and liked freedom and movement too well to submit to the restraint. But he had only that day written to a friend that "he would in future see that all due precautions were taken."

To another friend, who had expressed the fear that the rebels might take his life, he had shown a packet of letters, saying, "There, every one of these contains a threat to assassinate me. I might be nervous if I were to dwell upon the subject, but I have come to the conclusion that there are opportunities to kill me every day of my life, if there are persons disposed to do it. It is not possible to avoid exposure to such a fate, and I shall not trouble myself about it."

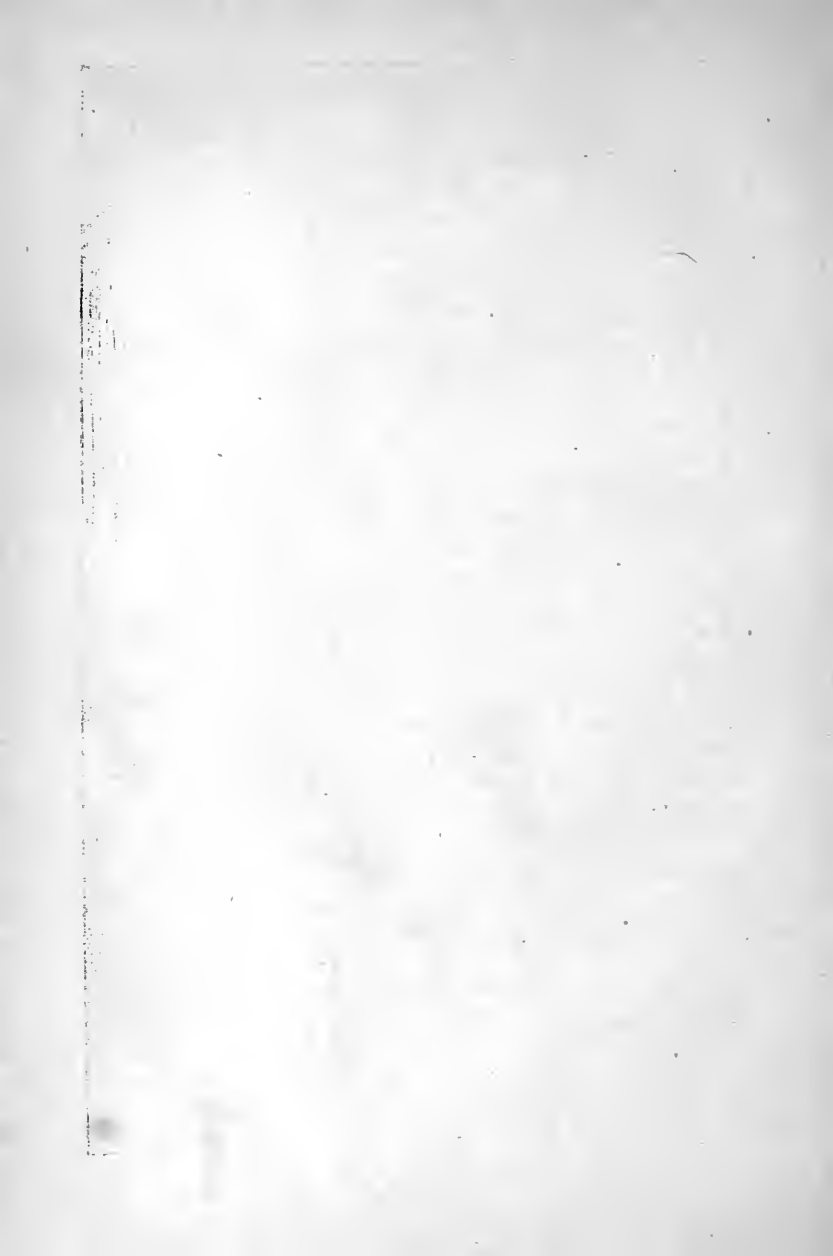
He was certainly not troubling himself about it when the deed was done.

He was seated on a cushioned, rocking arm-chair, at the end of the box farthest from the stage, and nearest to the audience, and was already interested. Mrs. Lincoln sat in a chair between the President and the pillar in the centre of the box ; Miss Harris and Major Rathbone occupied other chairs. The box was not closed during the evening.

At fifteen minutes after ten a young man passed along the passage behind the dress circle, and showing a card to the President's messenger, stood for a few minutes looking down upon the audience and the stage below. He then entered the vestibule of the President's box, and softly closed the door behind him, so that it could not be opened



ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN.



from the outside. Every one in the President's box was intently watching the play; and no one there noticed the new comer, as he drew from his pocket a silver-mounted Derringer pistol, which he held in his right hand, while in his left he held a long, double-edged dagger.

He stepped within the inner door of the President's box, and stood immediately over the chair of the President.

The next moment he pulled the trigger, and Abraham Lincoln leaned slightly forward, and closed his eyes. He had been shot through the back of the head.

The flash, the report, and the puff of smoke roused the inmates in the box, and Major Rathbone at once seized the intruder. He dropped the pistol, and struck at Rathbone with a dagger. The Major tried still to grapple with the assassin, but he wrenched himself away. He went to the front of the box, and shouted the insulting words, *Sic semper tyrannis*. He then sprang from the box to the stage below. As he did so his spur caught in the flag hung below the State box, and he fell; but quickly recovering himself, he faced the audience, and cried, as he brandished his dagger, "The South is avenged."

It all happened so quickly that no one had any idea of what had really occurred. The people thought the shot was part of the play. A man named Hawke was the only person on the stage when Booth leaped down, and he, seeing the dagger, thought the man meant to do him some mischief, and he ran away. But Mrs. Lincoln screamed, and Miss Harris called for water. As Booth rushed off the stage, some one said, "That is John Wilkes Booth;" and Major Rathbone cried, "Stop that man." The confusion of the moment was so great that no one attempted to follow the murderer but one man, Mr. J. B. Stewart of the Washington Bar. But Booth lost not a moment. He was an actor, and knew the ways of exit from the theatre, and as Mr. Stewart reached the door he saw the assassin spring upon a horse

that a boy was holding, and ride away. In the theatre all was excitement. The people answered their own question, "What is it?" with "The President has been shot;" for all feared it must be so. Laura Keane's clear voice was the first to ring through the theatre, "Keep quiet in your seats, give him air;" and she herself, with water and cordials, went into the President's box.

He neither spoke nor moved after the shot was fired. Several surgeons at once came forward; and as soon as they found the wound, they carefully carried Mr. Lincoln out of the theatre to the house of Mr. Peterson. Surgeon-General Barnes at once said that the President had not many hours to live. He was immediately surrounded by the members of his Government, who remained with him through the night. Mrs. Lincoln had fainted after the scream which had first given intimation of that which had occurred; but when she had returned to consciousness she was led to the house where her husband was dying; and there she sat in another room, crushed and stunned by grief. Her son Robert was there supporting her, and Mrs. Senator Dixon was by her side. No one could realise the blow that had fallen. Every one felt as Secretary Stanton did, when Surgeon-General Barnes announced the wound to be a mortal one—"Oh, no, General, no, no," he said, as he burst into tears. The Hon. M. B. Field, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, thus writes:—

"For several hours the breathing continued, and apparently without pain or consciousness. But about seven o'clock a change occurred, and the breathing, which had been continuous, was interrupted at intervals. These intervals became more frequent, and of longer duration, and the breathing more feeble. Several times the interval was so long that we thought him dead, and the surgeon applied his finger to the pulse, evidently to ascertain if such were the fact. But it was not until

twenty-two minutes past seven o'clock in the morning that the flame flickered out. There was no apparent suffering, no convulsive action, no rattling of the throat, none of the ordinary premonitory symptoms of death. Death in this case was a mere cessation of breathing.

"The fact had not been ascertained one minute when Dr. Gurley offered up a prayer. The few persons in the room were all profoundly affected. The President's eyes after death were not, particularly the right one, entirely closed. I closed them myself with my fingers. The expression immediately after death was purely negative ; but in fifteen minutes there came over the mouth, the nostrils, and the chin, a smile that seemed almost an effort of life. I had never seen upon the President's face an expression more genial and pleasing.

"About fifteen minutes before the decease, Mrs. Lincoln came into the room, and threw herself upon her dying husband's body. She was allowed to remain there only a few minutes, when she was removed in a sobbing condition, in which, indeed, she had been during all the time she was present."

It was some time before any one had the presence of mind to turn out the lights in the theatre, and tell the frightened people to go home. When they went out into the streets they were met by a crowd equally excited with themselves.

"The President has been shot!" they said; and were confronted with the appalling news, "Mr. Seward has been assassinated."

The dreadful story was all too soon confirmed.

A little after ten on that fatal evening a man called at the residence of the Secretary of State, who was still very ill, and under surgical treatment.

"I come from Dr. Verdi, Mr. Seward's physician," he said, "and I have brought some medicine which it is

necessary for me to give to the Secretary myself." "No one is allowed to see the Secretary," said the servant. The man then pushed him aside, and mounted the stairs.

He was about to enter the Secretary's room, when Mr. Frederick Seward appeared, and demanded to know his business.

"I have some medicine for the Secretary," he said.

"But you will not be allowed to enter my father's room," was the reply. The villain at once struck Mr. F. Seward with the butt end of a pistol, and pushing him aside, went into the Secretary's room, and mounting the bed, stabbed the Secretary several times, aiming at his throat. But he did not succeed in killing him, for his nurse and a soldier rushed in and pulled the man away. Mr. Seward managed to roll off the bed, and the assassin began to stab Robinson, the soldier. Presently he rushed downstairs, meeting on the way Major Augustus Seward and another of the Secretary's attendants. He stabbed them both; altogether he stabbed five persons, and then escaped into the street.

He was afterwards discovered to be Lewis Payne Powell.

The Secretary did not die; but he was very ill, and his friends dared not tell him of the President's death. He found it out for himself at last. "Is Lincoln dead?" he said. "Was he stabbed too? I think he must be, or he would have come to see me." When he was well enough to be moved nearer the window, he saw the flags half-mast high, and said, with tears, "The President is dead; I knew it."

Raymond says:—"When the news of this appalling tragedy spread through the city, it carried consternation to every heart. Treading close on the heels of the President's murder—perpetrated, indeed, at the same instant—it was instinctively felt to be the work of a conspiracy—secret, remorseless, and terrible. The Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, had left Mr. Seward's bedside not twenty minutes

before the assault, and was in his private chamber, preparing to retire, when a messenger brought tidings of the tragedy, and summoned his instant attendance. On his way to Mr. Seward's house Mr. Stanton heard of the simultaneous murder of the President, and instantly felt that the Government was enveloped in the meshes of a conspiracy, whose agents were unknown, and which was all the more terrible for the darkness and mystery in which it moved. Orders were instantly given to close all drinking-shops, and all places of public resort in the city; guards were stationed at every point, and all possible precautions were taken for the safety of the Vice-President and other prominent Government officials. A vague terror brooded over the population of the town. Men whispered to each other as they met in the gloom of midnight, and the deeper gloom of the shadowy crime which surrounded them. Presently, passionate indignation replaced this paralysis of the public heart, and but for the precautions adopted on the instant by the Government, the public vengeance would have been wreaked upon the rebels confined in the Old Capitol Prison. All those feelings, however, gradually subsided, and gave way to a feeling of intense anxiety for the life of the President. Crowds of people assembled in the neighbourhood of the house where the dying martyr lay, eager for tidings of his condition throughout the night; and when, early in the morning, it was announced that he was dead, a feeling of solemn awe filled every heart, and sat, a brooding grief, upon every face.

"And so it was through all the length and breadth of the land. In every State, in every town, in every household there was a dull and bitter agony as the telegraph bore tidings of the awful deed. Everywhere throughout the Union, the public heart, bounding with exultation at the triumphant close of the great war, and ready to celebrate with a mighty joy the return of peace, stood still with a sacred terror as it was smitten by the terrible tidings from

the capital of the nation. In the great cities of the land all business instantly stopped—no man had the heart to think of gain—flags drooped half-mast from every winged messenger of the sea, from every church spire, from every tree of liberty, and from every public building. Masses of the people came together by a spontaneous impulse to look in each other's faces, as if they could read there some hint of the meaning of these dreadful deeds—some omen of the country's fate. Thousands upon thousands, drawn by a common feeling, crowded around every place of public resort, and listened eagerly to whatever any public speaker chose to say. Wall Street in New York was thronged by a vast multitude of men, to whom eminent public officials addressed words of sympathy and hope. Gradually, as the day wore on, emblems of mourning were hung from the windows of every house throughout the town; and before the sun had set every city throughout the length and breadth of the land, to which tidings of the great calamity had been borne by the telegraph, was enshrouded in the shadow of the national grief. On the next day, which was Sunday, every pulpit resounded with eloquent eulogies of the murdered President, and with such comments on his death as faith in an overruling Providence alone could prompt. The whole country was plunged into profound grief, and none deplored the crime which deprived the nation of its head with more sincerity than those who had been involved in the guilt of the rebellion, and who had just begun to appreciate those merciful and forgiving elements in Mr. Lincoln's character, whose exercise they themselves would need so soon."

In the meantime all the world was filled with horror at the event, and the condolences of other nations began to flow in. The Queen of England, herself a widow, sent a kind autograph letter to the widow of the President.

Mrs. Stowe, who was moved by the fact of death following so soon after victory, said, "This our joy has been ordained

to be changed into a wail of sorrow. The kind hand that held the helm so steadily in the desperate tossings of the storm has been stricken down just as we entered port ; the fatherly heart that bore all our sorrows can take no earthly part in our joys. His were the cares, the watchings, the toils, the agonies of a nation in mortal struggle ; and God, looking down, was so well pleased with his humble faithfulness, his patient continuance in well-doing, that earthly rewards and honours seemed all too poor for him, so He reached down and took him to immortal glories. 'Well done, good and faithful servant ! enter into the joy of thy Lord.' "

The body of the President was embalmed, and it was thought that not less than 25,000 persons went to look at the face that was so dear to them. The rich and the poor came alike, and hundreds brought flowers as little offerings of love. The following Wednesday was the day of the funeral ceremony. Service was first held in the east-room of the Executive Mansion, and then the remains were removed to the Rotunda of the capital. There was an enormous procession, and vast crowds thronged to see it. There were funeral services in all the churches of Washington, and in most of the churches throughout the United States, and indeed throughout the world. Dr. Gurley preached the funeral sermon at Washington. He said, "As we stand here to-day, mourners around this coffin, and around the lifeless remains of our beloved Chief Magistrate, we recognise and we adore the sovereignty of God. . . . It was a cruel, cruel hand, that dark hand of the assassin, which smote our honoured, wise, and noble President, and filled the land with sorrow. But above and beyond that hand there is another which we must see and acknowledge—it is the chastising hand of a wise and a faithful Father."

But the body of the good President was not to rest in Washington, but near the old home at Springfield.



CHAPTER XV.

AFTERWARDS.

"He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must heaven's good grace command :

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame !
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high ;
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came."

—*Punch.*

THERE was something exceedingly pathetic in the long funeral procession which bore the dead body of President Lincoln from the palace at Washington, where he had lived his life of exaltation, back to Springfield, among whose quiet scenes the foundation of his future greatness had been laid.

On the morning of the 21st of April, at six o'clock, the members of the Cabinet, Lieutenant-General Grant and his staff, several senators, the Illinois delegation, and a large number of army officers, took their last farewell of their President. Dr. Gurley offered a solemn prayer, and the coffin, accompanied by that of Willie Lincoln, was taken to the railway

station. The engine bell tolled, and the train slowly moved away from the dépôt; "and thus Abraham Lincoln slowly moved away from Washington, the scene of his life's work and his glory."

The funeral *cortège* was conveyed by special train over almost the same route as that which he had taken on his journey to Washington after his election. The car, too, was the same, only now it had been appropriately draped in mourning. The rate of speed was limited; but the train did not stop until it arrived at Baltimore. In out-of-the-way places, people came from their cottages or farms, and stood bareheaded as it went past. Mourners waited along the whole line, wearing badges of sorrow, to catch a view of the train that bore the dead body of him whom they loved so well.

Baltimore, through which he had hurried *incognito* four years before to escape threatened assassination, was anxious now to render every tribute of respect. The body was placed on a splendid catafalque in the Exchange, and thousands looked, through tears, on the dead face of the man whom they honoured. On the route from Baltimore to Philadelphia six ladies came into the car, and placed upon the coffin an exquisite wreath of flowers. At Harrisburg the obsequies commenced in the evening, and until midnight the catafalque was surrounded by groups of mourners. At Philadelphia the body rested in the old Independent Hall, above which, half-mast high, waved the American flag which Lincoln had hoisted as he passed through the city before. The bier was close to the old bell which in 1776 had first rung out the tidings of independence. The lines of persons passing in to see the remains "extended to at least three miles." At Newark it seemed that the whole city came out. At Jersey City solemn strains of funeral music from choirs of singers mingled with the cannon and tolling bells. In the metropolis of New York the scene

was so imposing as to baffle description. The fronts of the houses were draped in mourning, and the streets and windows were full of people; "while from distant batteries the cannon belched each minute their thunder-tones of woe, from all the steeples came forth the wailing of bells, and from old Trinity's lofty spire floated upon the breeze the tuneful chimings of 'Old Hundred.'" The coffin was taken into the City Hall amid the solemn chantings of eight hundred choristers: and there it rested amid emblems of military display and floral tokens of affection, while all day and night the people passed through to take a look at the features of the deceased. At the solemn hour of midnight a funeral chant was performed in the Rotunda by the German musical societies of the town, with an effect that was said to be harmoniously grand and sublime. On the 25th of April the remains were borne away in a procession that was altogether grand and imposing. The military pageant was very fine: there was a force of at least ten thousand men. The procession was closed by the coloured population of New York. They had not been invited to join in the pageant, but they were permitted to do so, and gladly availed themselves of the opportunity to testify their love and gratitude for their great benefactor. They numbered at least two thousand persons, and they were preceded by a banner, which bore on one side the inscription—

"Abraham Lincoln, our Emancipator,"

and on the other,

"To Millions of Bondsmen he Liberty gave."

The coloured people in the procession were vehemently applauded. Everything went to show that the feeling of love and sorrow was unanimous. The *New York Tribune*

said, "A funeral in each house in Central New York would hardly have added solemnity to the day;" and the *New York Herald* said, "Such an occasion, such a crowd, and such a day New York may never see again." A magnificent address was delivered in Union Square by the Hon. George Bancroft, the historian, and an ode was recited by William Cullen Bryant.

The funeral train reached Buffalo on the morning of the twenty-seventh; men and women had spent wakeful nights in watching for it. It reached Cleveland on Friday, "the most imposing pageant that this beautiful city on the lake had ever created or witnessed. Bishop McIlvaine of the Diocese of Ohio read the Episcopal burial service on the opening of the coffin, and offered prayer; after which the long procession filed through the pavilion, and caught a last glimpse of the honoured dead." At Colombus, Indianapolis, and Chicago, the people did all they could to honour the man who had died for them. Holland says, "It seemed almost like profanation of the sleeping President's rest, to bear him so far, and expose him to so much; but the people demanded it, and would take no denial. All parties, all sects—friends and foes alike—mingled in their affectionate tributes of honour and sorrow." In Chicago the remains of the President were at home, in the State in which he had spent most of his life; "and the people grasped him with almost a selfish sense of ownership. He was theirs. Only a short distance from the spot lay his old antagonist, Douglas, in his last sleep. The party champions were once more near each other upon their favourite soil; but their eloquent lips were silent—silent with an eloquence surpassing sound, in the proclamation of mighty changes in the nation, and the suggestions of mutability and mortality among men."

The long journey was ended on the 3rd of May, when the remains reached Springfield, where the chief mourners lived.

A tomb had been prepared in Oak Ridge cemetery, a beautiful spot outside the city ; and there he was buried—Little Willie by his side ; while those who could, sang "Children of the heavenly King," and "Peace, Troubled Soul," and those who could not sing wept. A beautiful hymn, written for the occasion, was also sung ; and Bishop Simpson, a friend of Mr. Lincoln, gave an address. The address was very eloquent ; and one of its finest passages contained the memorable words of the dead President on the slave-power in the land :—

"Broken by it, I, too, may be—how to it, I never will. The probability that we may fail in the struggle ought not to deter us from the support of a cause which we deem to be just ; and it shall not deter me. If ever I feel the soul within me elevate and expand to those dimensions not wholly unworthy of its Almighty Architect, it is when I contemplate the cause of my country, deserted by all the world besides, and I, standing up boldly and alone, and hurling defiance at her victorious oppressors. Here, without contemplating consequences, before high Heaven and in the face of the world, I swear eternal fidelity to the just cause, as I deem it, of the land of my life, my liberty, and my love."

There they left the body of the good, great man, in the little cemetery at Springfield, among the sweet scenes of nature, and the silences of rest—left him, "after life's fitful fever," to "sleep well," until he should awake to a greater day at the well-beloved sound of his Master's voice, and the joy of His "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Andrew Johnson, the Vice-President, had, under the provisions of the Constitution, taken the oath of office, and become President of the United States.

And what of the murderer ? He was shot on the 26th of April, twelve days after the murder. - He was traced to



ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S TOMB IN OAK RIDGE CEMETERY.

a barn belonging to William Garrett, on the other side of the Potomac. With him was his accomplice, David C. Harold. The barn was surrounded, and the villains ordered to surrender. Booth refused, and the barn was set on fire. The murderer of the President stood with a pistol in each hand, but Sergeant Corbett, by a sudden impulse, shot him through the neck, and he died three hours after. John Wilkes Booth was the son of a famous tragedian, and also himself an actor of more than ordinary ability. He was of good appearance, but led a profligate life; and seems to have committed the deed more from a morbid desire of notoriety than anything else, though he was known to have strong Southern sympathies. Harold was arrested, and he, with Payne, who had attacked the Chief Secretary, Mr. Seward, and other conspirators were hanged for their crime. And the country soon settled down to peace and prosperity again.

Some of the English papers had been very hard upon the President, *Punch* and *The Times* especially; but they hastened to bear their tribute to his worth afterwards. *Punch* had a poem, which exhibited real goodness under that which, being comic, was often severe.

“ You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln’s bier,
You, who with mocking pencil won’t to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face.

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as *debonair*,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please !

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil’s laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain ;
Reckless, so it could point each paragraph,
Of chief’s perplexity, or people’s pain ?

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The stars and stripes he lived to rear anew ;
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you ?

Yes ; he had lived to shame me for my sneer,
To lame my pencil and confute my pen—
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learnt to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose,
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true,
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows."

"The assassination of President Lincoln," said a chronicle of the time, "and of the attempt to assassinate Mr. Seward, caused an extraordinary sensation in the city on Wednesday. Towards noon it became known, and spread rapidly from mouth to mouth in all directions. At first many were incredulous as to the truth of the rumour, and some believed it to have been set afloat for purposes in connection with the Stock Exchange. The house of Peabody and Co., American bankers in Broad Street, had received early intelligence of the assassination, and from there the news was carried to the Bank of England, whence it quickly radiated in a thousand directions. Meanwhile it was being wafted far and wide by the second editions of the morning papers, and was supplemented later in the day by the publication of additional particulars. Shortly after twelve o'clock it was communicated to the Lord Mayor, while he was sitting in the justice-room of the Mansion House ; and about the same time the 'star-spangled banner' was hoisted half-mast high over the American Consulate at the corner of Gracechurch Street. The same flag had but a few days before floated in triumph from the same place, on the entry of the Federals into Richmond, and still later, on the

surrender of General Lee. Between one and two o'clock the third edition of *The Times*, containing a circumstantial narrative of the affair, made its appearance in the city, and became immediately in extraordinary demand. A news-vendor in the Royal Exchange was selling it at half-a-crown a copy, and by half-past three it could not be had for money. The excitement caused by the intelligence was everywhere manifest, and in the streets, on the rail, on the river, and in the law courts, the terrible event was the theme of conversation. Throughout the remainder of the day the evening papers were sold in unexampled numbers, and often at double and treble the ordinary price, all evincing the universal interest felt at the astounding news. On the receipt of the melancholy intelligence in the House of Commons, about sixty members of all parties immediately assembled, and signed the following address of sympathy to the American Minister :—

“ ‘ We, the undersigned Members of the British House of Commons, have learnt, with the deepest horror and regret, that the President of the United States of America has been deprived of life by an act of violence, and we desire to express our sympathy on the sad event with the American Minister, now in London, as well as to declare our hope and confidence in the future of that great country, which we trust will continue to be associated with enlightened freedom and peaceful relations with this and every other country.—London, April 29th, 1865.’ ”

A London paper said, with reference to Liverpool :—
“ The scene on the Exchange was such as will not be forgotten for a long time. At half-past eleven it was announced that the secretary and treasurer of the Liverpool Exchange News Rooms was in possession of the news. A terrible rush took place from the ‘ flags ’ into the news room ; and, after a few minutes, it was announced that the secretary would read aloud the despatch from the bar of the news

room. All was now silent. The passage wherein it was stated that President Lincoln had been shot at caused no great dismay; but when the master of the rooms read, 'The President never rallied, and died this morning,' there was a general expression of horror. Certainly there was one dissentient voice, which had the temerity to exclaim, 'Hurrah!' His presence in the news room was of short duration, for being seized by the collar by as good a Southerner as there is in Liverpool, he was summarily ejected from the room, the gentleman who first seized him exclaiming, 'Be off, you incarnate fiend! You are an assassin at heart.'"

We subjoin a few stories illustrative of Abraham Lincoln from the pen of Carpenter, who, in his six months at the White House, had many opportunities of hearing them:—

"Lincoln was often waylaid by soldiers, importunate to get their back pay, or a furlough, or a discharge; and if the case was not too complicated, would attend to it there and then. Going out of the main door of the White House one morning he met an old lady, who was pulling vigorously at the door bell, and asked her what she wanted. She said she wanted to see 'Abraham the Second!' The President, amused, asked her who Abraham the First might be, if there was a second? The old lady replied, 'Why, Lor' bless you, we read about the first Abraham in the Bible, and Abraham the Second is our President.' She was told that the President was not in his office then, and when she asked where he was, she was told, 'Here he is!' Nearly petrified with surprise, the old lady managed to tell her errand, and was told to come next morning at nine o'clock, when she was received, and kindly cared for by the President. At another time, hearing of a young man who was determined to enter the navy as a landsman, after three years of service in the army, he said to the writer, 'Now, do you go over to the Navy Department, and mouse out what he is fit

for, and he shall have it, if it's to be had, for that's the kind of men I like to hear of.' The place was duly 'moused out,' with the assistance of the kind-hearted Assistant Secretary of the Navy; and the young officer, who may read these lines on his solitary post at the mouth of the Yazoo river, was appointed upon the recommendation of the President of the United States.

"Of an application for office by an old friend, not fit for the place he sought, he said, 'I had rather resign my place, and go away from here, than refuse him, if I consulted only my personal feelings; but refuse him I must.' And he did."

But such things added to the burden of sorrow which the President carried. After his death, some one comforted his son by telling him his father had gone to heaven.

"Will he be happy in heaven?" asked Tad.

"Oh, yes; every one is happy there."

"Then," said the boy, "I am very glad he is dead, for he was never happy here."

"One example of his exercise of pardoning power may excite a smile, as well as a tear; but it may be relied upon as a veritable relation of what actually transpired. A distinguished citizen of Ohio had an appointment with the President one evening at six o'clock. As he entered the vestibule of the White House, his attention was attracted by a poorly-clad young woman who was violently sobbing. He asked her the cause of her distress. She said that she had been ordered away by the servants, after vainly waiting many hours to see the President about her only brother, who had been condemned to death. Her story was this:—She and her brother were foreigners and orphans. They had been in this country several years. Her brother enlisted in the army, but through bad influences was induced to desert. He was captured, tried, and sentenced to be shot—the old story. The poor girl had obtained the

signatures of some persons who had formerly known him, to a petition for a pardon, and, alone, had come to Washington to lay the case before the President. Thronged as the waiting-rooms always were, she had passed the long hours of two days trying in vain to get an audience, and had at length been ordered away.

"The gentleman's feelings were touched. He said to her that he had come to see the President—but he did not know that *he* should succeed. He told her, however, to follow him upstairs and he would see what could be done for her. Just before reaching the door, Mr. Lincoln came out, and meeting his friend, said, good-humouredly, 'Are you not ahead of your time?' The gentleman showed him his watch with the hand upon the hour of six. 'Well,' returned Mr. Lincoln, 'I have been so busy to-day that I have not had time to get a lunch. Go in and sit down; I will be back directly.'

"The gentleman made the young woman accompany him into the office, and when they were seated, said to her—'Now, my good girl, I want you to muster all the courage you have in the world. When the President comes back he will sit down in that arm-chair. I shall get up to speak to him, and as I do so you must force yourself between us, and insist upon his examination of your papers, telling him it is a case of life and death, and admits of no delay.' These instructions were carried out to the letter. Mr. Lincoln was at first somewhat surprised at the apparent forwardness of the young woman, but observing her distressed appearance, he ceased conversation with his friend, and commenced an examination of the document she had placed in his hands. Glancing from it to the face of the petitioner, whose tears had broken forth afresh, he studied its expression for a moment, and then his eye fell upon her scanty but neat dress. Instantly his face lighted up. 'My poor girl,' said he, 'you have come here with no Governor, or

Senator, or Member of Congress, to plead your cause. You seem honest and truthful; *and you don't wear hoops*—and I will be whipped, but I will pardon your brother! ’”

One of the most eloquent testimonies to Lincoln's life and work was borne by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in a sermon preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, on the Sunday after his death. It contained the following words:—“Even he that now sleeps has, by this event, been clothed with new influence. Dead, he speaks to men who now willingly hear what before they shut their ears to. Like the words of Washington will his simple, mighty words be pondered on by your children, and children's children. Men will receive a new accession to their love of patriotism, and will for his sake guard with more zeal the welfare of the whole country. On the altar of this martyred patriot I swear you to be more faithful to your country. They will, as they follow his hearse, swear a new hatred to that slavery which has made him a martyr. By this solemn spectacle I swear you to renewed hostility to slavery, and to a never ending pursuit of it to its grave. They will admire and imitate his firmness in justice, his inflexible conscience for the right, his gentleness and moderation of spirit; and I swear you to a faithful copy of his justice, his mercy, and his gentleness. You I can comfort, but how can I speak to the twilight millions who revere his name as the name of God. Oh, there will be wailing for him in hamlet and cottage, in woods and wilds, and the fields of the South. Her dusky children looked on him as on a Moses come to lead them out from the land of bondage. To whom can we direct them but to the Shepherd of Israel, and to His care commit them for help, for comfort, and protection? And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. Cities and States are his pall-bearers, and cannon beat the hours with solemn procession. Dead! dead! dead! yet he speaketh! Is Washington dead? Is

Hampden dead? Is David dead? Now, disenthralled of flesh, and risen to the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life is grafted upon the Infinite, and will be fruitful now as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome? Your sorrows, O people, are his pæan. Your bells, and bands, and muffled drum sound in his ear a triumph. You wail and weep here. God makes it triumph there. Four years ago, O Illinois, we took him from your midst, an untried man from among the people. Behold, we return him a mighty conqueror. Not thine, but the nation's; not ours, but the world's! Give him place, ye prairies! In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest a sacred treasure to millions who shall pilgrim to that shrine, to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds that move over the mighty spaces of the West, chant his requiem! Ye people, behold a martyr, whose blood, as articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty!"



News had reached New York that President Lincoln had been shot and was dead; further tidings came that Secretary Seward had also been assassinated. The people were in the state of mind which urges to violence. Loud cries of vengeance were raised by the crowd, and ten thousand faces, angry and white, were turned in the direction of the office of *The World* newspaper. At that moment a man appeared on the balcony, waving a small flag. "Another telegram from Washington!" said some one, and the mass of people grew quiet. Then a clear voice rang through the air—"Fellow citizens! clouds and darkness are round about Him! His pavilion is dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies! Justice and judgment are the establishment of His throne! Mercy and truth shall go before His face! *Fellow citizens, God reigns, and the Government of Washington still lives!*" A great awe fell upon the crowd. It seemed as if a voice from heaven had spoken, and over the surging sea of human hearts a divine "Peace, be still" had fallen. Then some asked, as in a whisper, "Who is he?" and the answer was, "GENERAL GARFIELD OF OHIO."





